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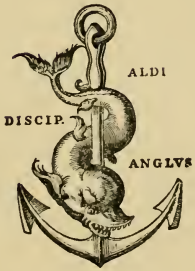
HUNTING SONGS.

SIXTH EDITION.

HUNTING SONGS

BY

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON



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INTRODUCTION.

A SHORT account of the Club for which so many of them were written will not, I hope, be thought an inappropriate introduction to a new edition of these Hunting Songs.

The Tarporley Hunt was established in the year 1762, *and their first meeting was held on the* 14*th of November in that year. Hare-hunting was the sport for which they then assembled. Those who kept harriers brought out their packs in turn. If no member of the Society kept hounds, or if it were inconvenient to bring them, it is ordered by the* 8*th Rule that a "Pack be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society."*

Societies such as the Cycle in Wales had in the earlier years of the last century been favourite meeting places for the Jacobite gentry; but whatever were the politics of the founders of Tarporley Club, it was evidently the love of hunting only that brought

them together; and from that day to this, difference of political opinion has never been known to interfere with the election of the members, or to disturb the harmony of the Club.

The Founders were the Rev. Obadiah Lane, of Longton, county of Stafford, who had married Sarah, sister of the first Lord Crewe; John Crewe, son of the Rev. Joseph Crewe, Rector of Barthomley and Astbury; Booth Grey, second son of Harry, fourth Earl of Stamford; Sir Henry Mainwaring of Over-Peover; George Wilbraham, the builder of Delamere Lodge; his brother, Roger Wilbraham; Richard Walthall, second son of Peter Walthall, of Wistaston; Robert Salusbury Cotton, son of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, of Combermere; and the Rev. Edward Emily, whose connection with the county I cannot trace.

The original rules recorded in the first club book will not, after an interval of a hundred years, be without interest to the modern sportsman, showing, amongst other particulars, the hours which they kept, and describing the dress in which our forefathers took the field:—

"*Tarporley Hunt, Nov.* 14*th*, 1762.
Mr. Lane, President.
Mr. Booth Grey, } *Secretaries.*
Mr. Crewe, }
Miss Townshend, Lady Patroness.

"*We whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed, do agree to meet at Tarporley twice annually. The firſt meeting to be held the ſecond Monday in November, and the ſecond to be fixed by the majority of the members who ſhall meet at the firſt; each meeting to laſt for the ſpace of ſeven days.*[1] *We do likewiſe agree to ſubmit to all the underwritten rules, and to all other ſuch rules as ſhall be thought neceſſary by the majority of the Society, for the better keeping up of the ſame.*

Oba. Lane, Pres.	*Edward Emily.*
J. Crewe, Sec.	*Ric. Walthall.*
Booth Grey, Dep. Sec.	*R. E. Cotton.*
Henry Mainwaring.	*R. Wilbraham.*
George Wilbraham.	

"*1ſt. Any member that abſents himſelf muſt pay the ſum of one guinea unleſs his excuſe ſhall be allowed of by the ſitting members.*

"*2nd. Every member muſt have a blue frock, with plain yellow metalled buttons, ſcarlet velvet cape, and double-breaſted ſcarlet flannel waiſtcoat, the coat ſleeve to be cut and turned up.*

"*3rd. The harriers never to wait for any member after eight o'clock in the morning.*

---

[1] *The firſt hunting day is meant by the ſecond Monday. The Gentlemen having agreed to meet overnight.*

" 4*th. If the majority of the Hunt preſent are at home on the hour dinner is ordered, they are not expected to wait.*

" 5*th. Any members that ſhall cauſe or make any diſturbance during the meeting (upon refuſing to ſubmit to the ſentence paſſ'd on them by the majority of the Society) ſhall be immediately expell'd.*

" 6*th. If the Society conſiſts of an equal number, the Preſident has a caſting vote.*

" 7*th. A new Preſident for the following meeting to be balloted for the laſt day of the preceding meeting. The Preſident muſt manage all the buſineſs of the Society during the time of his office.*

" 8*th. If no member of the Society keeps hounds, or if they do and it ſhould be inconvenient for them to bring them, a pack muſt be borrowed and kept at the expenſe of the Society.*

" 9*th. Three collar bumpers to be drank after dinner, and the ſame after ſupper; after they are drank every member may do as he pleaſes in regard to drinking.*

" 10*th. The Preſident, as ſoon as elected, to nominate the Lady Patroneſs for his meeting, ſhe being a ſpinſter.*

" 11*th. No member to be choſe but by Ballot, and none but the members preſent at the Balloting to have a vote: which Ballot muſt be the firſt night of the meeting.*

" 12*th*. *The Houſe bill muſt be pay'd the ſeventh day of each meeting, and after that is done every member has the liberty of going after his own inventions.*

" 13*th*. *Every member has the liberty of introducing his Friend, but muſt pay for him as far as his ordinarys.*

" 14*th*. *All ſingle or private engagements muſt yield to the time fixed for the meeting of this Society.*

" 15*th*. *Should the members of this Society in a party attend any of the neighbouring aſſemblys, the Preſident muſt aſk the Lady Patroneſs for the time being, to dance, ſhould ſhe be there.*

" 16*th*. *If any member of this Society ſhould marry, he is to preſent the Hunt with a pair of ſtiff-topp'd well ſtitch'd buckſkin gloves each.*[1]

" 17*th*. *This Book muſt be kept in the Balloting box, and the Preſident for the time being muſt keep the key.*

" 18*th*. *The Preſident muſt acquaint Mr. Southon of the time appointed for each meeting.*

" 19*th*. *Every member that does not attend muſt ſend his reaſons in writing to the Preſident.*

" 20*th*. *Any member who advances the money for an abſentee, to be reimburſ'd by the Society in caſe of*

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[1] Pro *buckſkin-gloves* lege *buckſkin-breeches.*—BOOTH GREY, *Dep. Sec.*

ſuch abſentee's refuſing to pay him, and the abſentee to be expell'd.

"21*ſt*. *The Secretary muſt acquaint every member of their elections as ſoon as choſe.*

"22*nd*. *All forfeitures to be apply'd for the benefit of the Society attending the meeting when they are forfeited.*

"23*rd*. *The Preſident to forfeit five guineas for non-attendance unleſs his excuſe ſhall be allow'd of.*

"24*th*. *If any member abſents himſelf for a night during the meeting he ſhall forfeit one guinea for every ſuch night of abſence, unleſs he have leave of the majority of the Hunt preſent.*

"*The orders of the Tarporley Hunt, November ye* 14*th*, 1762.

"*Ordered, that Mr. Booth Grey procures for the uſe of this Society a Balloting-box, with eighteen black and eighteen white balls.—O. Lane, Pres.*

"*Ordered, That Mr. Booth Grey procures for this Society two Collar Glaſſes, and two Admittance Glaſſes of a larger ſize.—O. Lane, Pres.*

"*Mem*^{m}.—*An Expreſs was ſent this meeting to Cheſter for a Chine of Mutton by Obadiah Lane, Clerck.*

"*Ordered, that Mr. Coton have the thanks of the Society for a ſet of Silver Bottle Tickets.*"

The remainder of this book contains the proceedings of the first forty-six meetings, the account of subscriptions, and the list of forfeits down to Feb., 1785. *The extracts I select will suffice to give the reader an insight into the manners and customs of that date, and will show likewise how completely Foxhunting, when once introduced, superseded the sport for which the Club had been originally founded.*

"1763.—*Nov. ye 6th. Voted, that the metal Buttons be changed for basket mohair ones. Voted that after supper but one collar glass is obliged to be drunk. Voted, that every member provides himself a scarlet saddle cloth, bound with blue.*

"1764.—*Feb. ye 6th. Voted, that each President provides two dozen Franks during his meeting for the use of the Society. Voted, that each member, when he marries, instead of providing Breeches for every member of the Hunt, does pay into the hands of the Secretary for the use of each member, the sum of one guinea to be spent in leather breeches.*

"*Nov.* 5. *Voted, that the number of members of this Hunt be limited to twenty. Voted, that if any member does not appear in the strict uniform of this Hunt, he shall forfeit one guinea for every such offence, viz., a plain blue frock, with cuff turn'd up one button, with mohair buttons, and unbound; and scarlet velvet cape, with a double-breasted*

ſcarlet waiſtcoat, a ſcarlet ſaddlecloth bound ſingly with blue, and the front of the bridle lapt with ſcarlet.

"1765.—*Nov. 4th. Mr. John Barry having ſent the Fox Hounds to a different place to what was ordered, and not meeting them himſelf at that place, was ſent to Coventry, but return'd upon giving ſix bottles of Claret to the Hunt.*

"1766.—*Feb. 3. Voted, that any member of this Hunt that marries a ſecond time ſhall give two pairs of leather breeches to each member of the Hunt. Five guineas out of the forfeits given to the poor.*

"1766.—*Nov. 2. Mr. Crewe fined for having his bridle lapt with red and blue. Mr. John Barry fined for not having taken the binding off the button holes of his waiſtcoat. Mr. Whitworth fined for having his ſaddlecloth bound with purple. Lord Groſvenor fined for riding to cover with a white ſaddlecloth, and likewiſe for having his bridle lapt with white. Lord Groſvenor having quitted the Hunt on the Tueſday without leave, was fined five guineas.*

"1767.—*Nov. ye 1ſt. Mr. Arthur Barry received the thanks of this Society for Heber's Horſe Racing from the year* 1751 *to* 1766. *Voted that for the future they ſhall be taken in annually.*

"1768.—*Oct. ye 30th. Parliament meeting ſooner*

than common this meeting by the consent of majority was held a week sooner than appointed by Rule.

"*A. Barry pays one guinea for a waistcoat with improper pockets.*

"*Lord Grosvenor appearing two days out of uniform, both coat and waistcoat, pays for each day 2 guineas, and one guinea for absenting himself one night without leave.*

"*Books belonging to the Hunt, Nov. 13th, 1768:—*

17 *Volumes of Heber complete.*
Annual Register complete.
Pocket Library.
Oxford Magazine.
Howard's Thoughts.
Oxford Sausage.
Hunting book.

"1769.—*Nov. ye 5th. Agreed, that the number of this Hunt shall be enlarged to twenty-five members, but shall never exceed the same. Agreed, that the Rule*[1] *shall be altered, and that instead of three collar glasses only one shall be drunk after dinner, except a fox is kill'd above ground, and then, after the Lady Patroness, another collar glass shall be drunk to Foxhunting.*

"1770.—*Voted, that the Club in general do not*

[1] *Rule* 9.

dine out by invitation. Voted that the Hunt change their uniform to a red coat unbound with a ſmall frock ſleeve, a green velvet cape, and green waiſtcoat, and that the ſleeve has no buttons: in every other form to be like the old uniform, and that the red ſaddle cloth be bound with green inſtead of blue, and the fronts of the bridles remain the ſame as at preſent. The buttons baſket, ſame colour as the coat, waiſtcoat buttons colour of waiſtcoat. Every one not appearing as above liable to the old forfeitures.

"*Nov. 4th.—Riding a hack to cover or a ſhooting or upon an accident happening, or horſe on tryal, not to be fined according to the ſtrictneſs of rule made in regard to uniforms.*

"1772.—*Nov. 1ſt. During this meeting (on the 5th of November) the Lord Preſident was pleaſed to ſignify his intention of inveſting Thomas Cholmondeley, Eſq., of Vale Royal, in this county, with the moſt noble order of the Belt. Accordingly he was introduced to the Lord Preſident by two ſenior aldermen. The Whip of State was borne by the Secretary: the Belt, carried on a cuſhion of ſtate, by the Maſter of the Foxhounds; Sir Thomas's train was borne by the junior members and the Preſident's by the Coverer. Great attention was paid during the ceremony, every member ſtanding, and Sir Thomas, returning to the chair, his health was drunk with three cheers. Ordered, that he always*

*appear in the enſigns of his order during the meeting. Voted, that any perſon who ſhall be hereafter elected a member of this Hunt, and is a married man, ſhall pay £*10. 0*s.* 6*d. on his admiſſion by way of Stock-purſe, and if a Bachelor ſix guineas. Inſtead of Breeches, twenty guineas voted to be paid.*

"*As*[1] *Mr. Preſident has done this Hunt the honor of his Picture, their thanks are return'd for the ſame.*

"*Lord Kilmorey's mild and pleaſant adminiſtration was approv'd, not only by his ſecond election, but by his health being drunk in three Gobblets.*

"1773.—*Nov.* 7. *Voted, that every member introducing a ſtranger pays for the* 2*d night of his ſtaying one gallon of Clarett; for the* 4*th night of his ſtaying* 2 *gallons; and if he ſtays three Hunting days, one dozen. Voted unanimouſly, that Mr. John Barry is deſired to ſitt for his picture for this Hunt. Mr. John Barry very politely conſents.*

"1774.—*Feb.* 6*th. Lord Kilmorey by his own deſire is no longer a member, but voted a letter to be wrote to him that it is the wiſh of the London Hunt that if he is in Town he will try the Bond-ſt. covers as a member.*

"*Nov.* .—*Wilkinſon ordered to take back the great chair, and either to alter it to the approbation*

[1] *Lord Kilmorey was Preſident. There is no record of this portrait having been in poſſeſſion of the Club.*

of the Hunt, or to make a new one, charging nothing for the ſame; on this condition the gentlemen agreed to pay him for the great chair.

"*This meeting Sir Thomas Broughton paid forfeit to Booth Grey for a match to have been run.*

"1775.—*Nov. This meeting a ſweepſtakes was won by Sir Thomas Broughton ſtarting againſt Mr. Crewe, of Crewe. Lord Stamford, Geo. Wilbraham, and Lord Kilmorey paid forfeit.*

"1777.—*Feb. Ordered, that a cover, or covers on the Foreſt be made from the Stockpurſe, under the direction of Sir Peter Warburton, George Wilbraham, and Mr. Peter Heron, if leave can be obtained.*

"*November. Ordered, that the ropes for Crabtree Green are paid for by the Preſident,* £5 17*s.* 0*d. Ordered, that Mr. Grey is paid for the repairs of the courſe,* £5 19*s.* 0*d. Ordered, that Mr. Wilbraham is paid for ſowing and incloſing a cover,* £16 0*s.* 0*d.*

"1778.—*February. Voted, that Mr. Wilbraham gives Mr. Stevens as a compliment for drawing the leaſe of a cover on the Foreſt the ſum of five guineas.*

"*November. Voted, that an order made the eighth meeting, Feb.,* 1776, *that the part of that order containing theſe words, 'that the Claret never be admitted into the houſe bill' ſhall be reſcinded, and that the*

aeficiency of the Claret, after what is pay'd for ſtrangers, &c., be inſerted in the bill.

"*The Secretary's accounts were ſettled and allow'd, being on the Claret account £15 5s. 6d., and on the houſe account £2 2s. 0d. No more is now left in his hands. Voted, that each member of this Hunt do depoſit 29s. in the Secretary's hands for a fund to purchaſe Claret, and that Mr. Roger Wilbraham be requeſted to order it down, and that the Secretary do anſwer Mr. Roger Wilbraham's draft for that purpoſe.*

"1779.—*Oct. Rev. Mr. Lane and Mr. Whitworth are voted honorary members; it being the unanimous wiſh of the Society that the Rev. Mr. Lane as an original member, whenever he finds his health ſufficiently re-eſtabliſhed, may be conſidered a member of this Society. Agreed to allow Mr. Southon fifteenpence a bottle, and the bottles, for drinking our own claret.*

"1780.—*November. At this meeting a fox was found for the firſt time in the new gorſe cover, near the Old Pale.*

"1782.—*November. This Hunt, Mr. Beckford's Book on hunting being preſented by Mr. S. Arden in due form, the Secretary and two Aldermen attending, Mr. Egerton's Health was drunk in a bumper in a goblet.*

"*Offley Crewe and Sir P. Warburton were found*

guilty of a moſt heinous offence in having croſſed a hare's ſcut with a foxe's bruſh, and fined one gallon of Claret each, a very light fine for ſuch an offence. Mr. R. Wilbraham proſecuted. Mr. Baugh was evidence, together with Mr. Peter Heron.

"1783.—*November. This meeting a rule was made that the owner of the winning horſe is not to give a dozen of Claret, as was cuſtomary.*

"*Mr. B. Grey, having moved that no cards or dice be allowed after the firſt toaſt after Supper, each member ſo offending againſt this rule muſt pay two dozen of Claret. The above rule was carried by a majority of four, the Preſident being counted as two.*

"1784.—*February. Ordered that the Preſident's Chair be preſented by the Tarporley Hunt to the Rev. Crewe Arden, the very worthy Rector of this Pariſh, as a teſtimony of their high reſpect and regard.*

"*November. Mr. T. Brooke, having been detected in making a wager in the dining Room, contrary to the rules of the Club, of £1 1s. 0d. to half-a-crown with Sir Peter Warburton, forfeited the wager.*

"*Mr. Grey having, at the requeſt of the members preſent, undertaken to compile the different orders made by this Society, the books are to be delivered to him, with the thanks of the meeting, for the great trouble he is ſo good to take.*"

In 1773, *in the account of payments, is one of* £2 2*s.* 0*d. to Mr. Yoxall, for ſurvey of intended alterations and plans. This, I preſume, refers to the building of the new dining-room. In* 1775 *the ſum of* £2 2*s. is given to two poor cottagers for loſſes by fire, and there is an entry of* 11*s.* 6*d. for adverti ſing Hunt.*

In 1779 *the payment by the Club to Crank for Mr. John Smith Barry's picture is entered as follows:*

	£	*s.*	*d.*
"*Picture*	21	0	0
Frame	9	16	0
Caſe	1	19	0
Carriage of Picture . .	2	1	0"

This picture is full length. At his maſter's feet ſits Blue Cap, the winner of the match at Newmarket in 1762. *The portrait of the maſter is excellent, but the artiſt has been leſs ſucceſsful in the hound.*

Crank, who reſided at Warrington, was at that time a well-known painter, and much patroniſed by the neighbouring gentry. I have been told that many years after his death, one of his pictures was ſold as a portrait by Gainſborough for a large ſum. As ſhown in the proceedings, Mr. Smith Barry had "politely conſented to ſit in 1773." *Unleſs the order were delayed, the picture muſt have progreſſed but*

ſlowly, if only finiſhed in 1779; *poſſibly the bill was not ſent in till ſome time after its completion.*

This compliment was paid to Mr. Smith Barry as Maſter of Foxhounds, the firſt pack known in Cheſhire, and ſupported entirely at his own expenſe.

The following is the account of the above-named match, as given in Daniel's "Rural Sports," vol. i. p. 155: "*The ſpeed of the Foxhound was well aſcertained by the trial at Newmarket, between Mr. Meynell and Mr. Barry, and this account of the training and feeding the two Victorious Hounds is from the perſon who had the management of them. Will Crane was applied to, after the match was made (which was for* 500 *guineas), to train Mr. Barry's Hounds, of which* Blue Cap *was four, and* Wanton *three years old. Crane objected to their being hounds that had been entered ſome ſeaſons, and wiſhed for young hounds, who would with more certainty be taught to run a Drag; however, the hounds were ſent to Rivenhall in Eſſex, and, as Crane ſuggeſted, at the firſt trial, to induce them to run the drag, they took no notice; at length, by dragging a Fox along the ground, and then croſſing the hounds upon the ſcent, and taking care to let them kill him, they became very handy to a Drag, and had their exerciſe regularly three times a week upon Tiptree Heath; the ground choſen was Turf,*

and the diſtance over which the drag was taken was from eight to ten miles. The training commenced the firſt of Auguſt, and continued until the 28th of September (the thirtieth the match was run); their food was oatmeal and milk and ſheep's trotters. Upon the thirtieth of September the drag was drawn (on account of running up the wind, which happened to be briſk) from the Rubbing Houſe at Newmarket Town End, to the Rubbing Houſe at the ſtarting-poſt of the Beacon Courſe; the four hounds were then laid on the ſcent; Mr. Barry's Blue Cap *came in firſt,* Wanton (*very cloſe to* Blue Cap) *ſecond; Mr. Meynell's* Richmond *was beat by upwards of an hundred yards, and the Bitch never run in at all; the ground was croſs'd in a few ſeconds more than eight minutes.*[1] *Three ſcore horſes ſtarted with the hounds. Cooper, Mr. Barry's Huntſman, was the firſt up, but the mare that carried him was rode quite blind at the concluſion. There were only twelve horſes up out of the Sixty; and Will Crane, who was mounted upon a King's plate Horſe, called Rib, was in the twelfth. The odds before running were ſeven to four in favour of Mr. Meynell, whoſe hounds, it was ſaid, were fed*

[1] *Daniel does not give the year in which this match took place. The letterpreſs under a print in my poſſeſſion, engraved from a picture of the race, by Sartorius, ſtates that it was run in October, 1762, over the Beacon Courſe.*

during the time of training entirely with legs of mutton."

After the death of John Smith Barry, in 1784, *foxhounds were kept at Arley by Sir Peter Warburton, and, probably as owner of the pack, a similar requeſt was made to him to ſit for his picture, a full length by Sir William Beechey, for which the Hunt paid £*250 *in* 1811. *Sir William is ſaid to have proteſted againſt the uniform, and to have declared he might as well be aſked to paint a parrot.*

Since the date of the proceedings which cloſe the two firſt books there have been but few changes in the rules of the Club. The earlieſt notice in the Racing Calendar of the Tarporley Races, held at Crabtree Green, is in 1776. *On the incloſure of Delamere Foreſt, in* 1812, *the preſent racecourſe was rented from Lord Shrewſbury.*

In 1806 *it was agreed unanimouſly that the members ſhould ſubſcribe the ſum of £*3 3*s. each the next year for ſilver forks. It may appear ſtrange to our ideas that a luxury, now ſo univerſal, ſhould not have been introduced at Tarporley until the year* 1806; *but I am aſſured by a lady now living, that ſo late as* 1809, *in one of the moſt hoſpitable houſes in the county, a ſilver fork was never ſeen on the dinner-table.*

The number of the members was eventually increaſed to forty, and there is ſcarcely an old family

name in the county which has not at ſome period been enrolled on the liſt.

In the year 1862 *the centenary anniverſary of the Club was celebrated; an additional ſum was given to the Farmers' Stakes, and the whole county were invited by the members to a ball, held at the Groſvenor Hotel, Cheſter.*

The "Cheſhire Hounds," an eſtabliſhment quite diſtinct from the Tarporley Club, originated with the pack kept by Sir Peter Warburton. It ſeems that James Smith Barry, who ſucceeded to his uncle's property in 1784, *and continued to keep hounds, having in ſome way offended the county gentlemen, in the year* 1798 *Mr. Egerton of Tatton, Sir Peter Warburton, Sir Richard Brooke, and, I believe, Mr. Brooke of Mere, built the kennels at Sandiway, to which the hounds were removed from Arley.*

Mr. Smith Barry ſtill kept his pack, and lived during the hunting ſeaſon at Ruloe. I have heard from an old reſident in that neighbourhood a ſtory which, if true, ſhows that he muſt have hunted under the difficulty of having no country beyond the limits of his own property, and the ſhifts to which he was conſequently compelled to reſort. Old Richard Bratt, his huntſman, was conſtantly in the practice of hiring a man to run a drag early in the morning from the kennel at Ruloe ſtraight away to ſome cover belonging to the Cheſhire Hunt. The ſcent

carried the hounds into the gorſe, and ſo gave the chance of finding a fox in a cover which their maſter had no right to draw.

I cannot aſcertain in what year Sir Peter Warburton reſigned the management of the Cheſhire Hounds to George Heron; but the following anecdote in Daniel's "Rural Sports," vol. iii. p. 456, *ſhows that they were hunted by Sir Peter as late as* 1807.

"To prove that the notes of hounds have an overpowering influence upon the horſe, this incident, which occurred Anno 1807, *is related: As the Liverpool Mail Coach was changing horſes at the inn at Monk's Heath, the horſes which had performed the ſtage from Congleton having been juſt taken off and ſeparated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's Foxhounds in full cry, immediately ſtarted after, their harneſs on, and followed the chaſe until the laſt. One of them, a blood-mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, until Reynard run to earth in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. Theſe ſpirited horſes were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed their ſtage back to Congleton the ſame evening."*

George Heron held the management until 1818, *but in conſequence of a bad fall, by which he was diſabled, Sir Harry Mainwaring, who eventually ſucceeded him, had undertaken the field management in* 1813.

Sir Harry, after a reign of nineteen years, gave them up in 1837. *His firſt huntſman was Will Garſt, who left in Auguſt,* 1820, *when John Jones took his place, coming from Lord Scarborough, and continued until May,* 1823. *Will Head, who had been educated under Sir Bellingham Graham, and had been firſt whip to the Cheſhire for three ſeaſons, then obtained his promotion, and continued to hunt them until May,* 1832. *A letter from the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, containing theſe particulars, ends thus:—"In* 1832 *Joſeph Maiden came from Mr. Shaw, and remained with me until I gave up the hounds, Auguſt,* 1837, *continuing with other managers—a firſt-rate huntſman and a moſt excellent ſervant in every reſpect." It is with great pleaſure that I record this teſtimony to the character of one who ſo well deſerv'd it. I cannot give the young foxhunter a better ſummary of the ſport (which had then, I think, reached its climax) than is contained in the following letter, addreſſed to the preſent Sir H. Mainwaring, which I have permiſſion to publiſh:—*

"*Withington Hall,*

"*January* 10*th*, 1865.

"*Dear Sir Harry,*

"*In the early days of the Nantwich Country, from* 1805 *onwards, there was great ſport from Ravenſmoor to the Hills. Leech was conſtantly on*

them, and we hardly ever failed in finding in the Admiral's cover, and going direct as a line over that fine country. I don't ever recollect to have seen finer sport constantly than at that *time and over* that *country. The hounds then hunted the Woore Country, and had a wonderful run from Buerton Gorse, went thro' Oakley Park (Sir J. Chetwood's), crossed the Drayton Road below the Loggerheads, just skirted the Burnt Woods, left the Bishop's Woods on the left, Hales on the left, right on thro' the small woods at Knighton, and kill'd at Batchacre Park (Mr. Whitworth's in Shropshire),* 18 *miles as the crow flies, in an hour and forty-five minutes. It was an extraordinary fine run, and to within these few years that fox's pad was on the stable door here. About the same time the hounds had a run of about the same distance from Old Baddiley thro' Cholmondeley, Dods-Edge, to the Shocklach meadows and over the Dee, but Reynard got safe into Wales, and it was too late at night to follow him any further.*

"*So much for the Nantwich Country! But in Will Head's time we had as good a run as I ever wish'd to see. We found at the Long Lane, in Holford, hunted slowly thro' Winnington Wood, the Leonards, Holbrook's nursery ground, up to the ice house at Tabley; here he waited, having been bred in the roof of it. From this point we had one of the*

moſt continuous fine runs poſſible, croſſed the turnpike road cloſe to the lodge, to Tabley Walk, over Tabley High Fields, left Mere Moſs juſt to his right, thro' Gleave's Hole, over Winterbottom to Waterleſs Brook, where Brooke's Gorſe now ſtands, over the brook, which was rather a puzzler for the Field, but I ſaw where there was good getting out, and jumped in. When I got to the top of the bank every hound croſſed me at an open rail place. With this bother at the brook of courſe the hounds beat the Field, which did not come up till they were croſſing Budworth Heath. We then went behind Belmont, croſſed the Warrington Road, run down to the Horns at Whitley, where we kill'd, after a firſt-rate run.

"*The ſplitting run over the Cheſter Vale, from Waverton Gorſe, was ſeen by few, when John Armitſtead's old black horſe, and "J. B. Glegg" had the credit of beating the Field. In Leiceſterſhire for pace and country I never ſaw a more brilliant affair. Rowland Warburton himſelf will recollect a capital ſpin we had from his own wood, croſſed the paved road a little above the Gore Bridge (all the Field went with the hounds ſave himſelf, Maiden, Self, and one or two others). Knowing where the cover was we put ſteam on, went down the road to the ford, and when we got to the top of the Gore Wood the hounds came out under our feet. From this point*

to Tatton Park we were never caught. The fox then went acroſs to the Birkin Lodge, and up the middle of the Park to the garden at the houſe, where he was killed, after a moſt brilliant affair. R. Warburton will alſo recollect a good run from the Breeches, when one of the twin brothers, Peel, loſt his horſe directly after leaving the cover; Rowland's advice was :—

> *"May you the next time that white horſe you beſtraddle,*
> *See leſs of the Breeches and more of the Saddle."*

In the ſame neighbourhood, in Maiden's time, we had a ſplendid run from Radnor Gorſe, when Mr. Knight was knock'd off his horſe at the end of the firſt field, and was ridden over by the crowd. The fox ſet his head ſtraight for Woodhay, left the farm-houſe on his left, then up to Chertſey's Wood, croſſed the wide green lane at the top, at which point the pace had thinned the Field very much. Sir Richard Brooke, on a big grey, fell, leaping into the road, and never got beyond. Maiden here ſtopp'd the Corporal, and the running was left to Clive of Stych, Coke Gooch, and myſelf; but on going up the field, leaving Alderſey's rough on the left, the Colonel's grey put his foot in a grip, and went heels over head. The field then was quite beat off. We went on to Bunbury, then to the right, by Wardle Hall, and kill'd after an unuſually fine run at Rees Heath. Wilbraham Tollemache ſtopp'd the Rebel in the firſt ten minutes.

Don't think this a very boaſting detail of ſport. The only thing I can do now is to go a little over the mahogany; but a long life of uninterrupted good health enabled me to be conſtantly out, and to carry my recollections of good runs as far back as moſt. But I muſt ſtop, for every good run were I to record, Sir, I ne'er ſhould have done.

"Yours truly,

"J. B. GLEGG."

The race over Tatton Park from Mobberly Cover, 4 miles in 8 minutes, was an extraordinary performance.

Sir Harry Mainwaring ſupplies me with ſome further particulars of about the ſame period:—

Jan. 12, 65.

"In the palmy days of hunting in Cheſhire it muſt be recollected that Glegg firſt refers to the time when George Heron kept the Hounds, when Will Garſit hunted them, and Will Griffiths whipp'd in, when Doddington, Dorfold, Boleſworth Caſtle and Bryn-y-Pys, were the chief hunting houſes, when Crewe, Broughton, Tarleton, and (rather later on) Tomkinſon, Brooke and Glegg were the heroes, when the Cheſhire hunted the Woore Country and the Wyches, when they uſed to run as deſcribed by Glegg from Woore to the Biſhop's Woods, and from

Hampton Heath to the Duke's Woods, near Ellesmere. Later on, when my Father took the Country, and the Wyches were given up, gorses were made in the Nantwich Country, and in the Chester Vale. The Middlewich Country, then as it is now, the best in Cheshire, was hunted the second week in every month, and the Withington Country the last week. The Withington Kennels were given up, and kennels built at Peover.

" *Glegg has omitted the two best runs I ever saw. We met at Hurlestone, and had drawn all the covers in the country blank, when (it was late in March, and Will Head, Huntsman) we found at 3 p.m., in a small patch of gorse under Calveley Park wall, a very small Fox. The hounds got away close to him, and all went together into the barn at the farmhouse ; 'the fox is kill'd,' we all said, but he got away under the door. Head cast the hounds round the barn, away we went! very best pace! over Wettenhall Green, up to the wood, left it and Darnhall on the left, and made a sudden turn to the right, over the very best of the Minshull Country, to the river at Eardswick Hall, a mile above Minshull Village. We crossed at the wooden bridge, and run very fast almost to Bradfield Green, bore to the left, and we ran into our Fox, a small vixen without cubs, at Warmincham Rectory, one hour almost without a check. James Tomkinson rode 'The Pea,' and he mounted me on 'Whizgig.'*

"*Maiden Huntſman, met at Aſhley Hall, a cold day in March, high N. E. wind; ſnow fell in the morning. Put the hounds into Cooper's Plantation, a ſmall place, and immediately chopp'd a fine dog-fox. Another was halloo'd away at ſame time, and away we went at a capital pace almoſt up to Caſtle Mill, turn'd to right, and then over a fine wild country, the beſt of Mobberley, towards Wilmſlow, over Lindon Common, Warford, Little Warford, and up to where Chelford Station now is, left Aſtle on right, and away ſtraight to Alderley Park, where I ſaw the hounds run into him under the Library Window dead beat; about an hour, a very good run, and many horſes beat.*

"*You will recollect a run in Ford's time, March* 1, 1842, *from the 'Cobbler' up to the road at Whitley Reed, turn'd over Crowley Moſs, ſtraight to Arley, over the bridge at Arley Green to the Gore, on to Tabley through the old Foxcover at Lower Peover where Maiden came up and they killed him at Gooſtrey; only about eight men with the Hounds, the Field having been all thrown out at Whitley Reed.*"

Theſe indeed are runs to be remembered; without wiſhing to ſet myſelf up as a praiſer of paſt times I aſk, do we ever hear of ſuch now-a-day? I aſk in ſorrow, not reproachfully; hounds, horſes, and huntſmen are probably as good, if not better than they

formerly were, but every ſucceeding year ſeems to add ſome new impediment to Fox-hunting. High farming is rapidly converting our fields into gardens. "Look before you leap," is a precaution more requiſite than ever ſince the introduction of wire fencing.

The increaſe of population and of dwellings prevents a fox, headed at every corner, from making ſtraight to his point, and laſt but not leaſt in the liſt of grievances is the ſcarcity of wild foxes.

A burſt, ſuch as that mentioned by Mr. Glegg, from Waverton Gorſe may ſtill excite us for ten or twenty minutes, but where do we read of ſuch runs as that from Buerton, "eighteen miles as the crow flies in an hour and forty-five minutes?"

It was in Sir Harry Mainwaring's time, on the 7th of April, 1829, that the meet of the three packs took place at Shavington. The Cheſhire, the Shropſhire and Mr. Wickſted's Kennel ſent each ſix couple of hounds. The Cheſhire being the oldeſt pack and the place of meeting being in the Cheſhire country Will Head was appointed huntſman for the day, Will Staples the Shropſhire huntſman, and "old Wells," who had command of Mr. Wickſted's kennel, were both in attendance. In the firſt run the fox was loſt near Cloverly after a faſt thirty minutes. Mytton took the lead and charged a poſt and rail, exclaiming "Now for the honour of Shropſhire!" He got a terrible fall, and was much hurt

by another man jumping on him, there being about a dozen down together. Mytton remounted, bleeding and bare-headed, but was too much hurt to take another lead.

A ſecond fox was found at Combermere, which was run for about twenty minutes, but, proving a vixen, the hounds were ſtopped.

Though Will Head and Staples claimed each the palm for their reſpective kennels, it would be difficult to ſay which Pack proved its ſuperiority in that day's hunting.

On Sir Harry Mainwaring's reſignation in 1837, *the eſtabliſhment was handed over to Mr. Shakerley of Whatcroft. Amongſt the many good runs ſhown during the ſhort time he conducted the Pack was that from Calveley, alluded to under the title of "Cheſhire Chivalry." Mounted on his bay horſe "Tatton," Mr. Shakerley figures as manager in the foreground of Calvert's Picture of the Cheſhire Hunt. In* 1839, *Mr. Smith Barry of Marbury and Mr. Dixon of Aſtle undertook the control of the Kennel. Mr. Ford, of Abbey Field, who ſucceeded them, held the management for the ſeaſon only of* 1841, *and reſigned it into the hands of Mr. White.*

"*Leiceſterſhire White*," *as he is called in Mr. Wickſted's Song, was known far and wide for many years as one of the beſt horſemen in England, whether in the racing or in the hunting ſaddle. After re-*

tiring from the management, he ſtill occupied the Hunting Box, adjoining the Kennel, at Daleford. Continuing to hunt with the Cheſhire, and riding to the laſt as well as ever, he reſided there till his death in 1866.

In May, 1862, *a portrait and memoir of him was publiſhed in "Baily's Magazine." Further particulars of his career were afterwards recorded in ſeveral ſporting periodicals, and an intereſting article appeared in the "Saturday Review," February,* 1866, *where, in a quotation, he is ſpoken of as having "left an undying reputation as a Gentleman Jockey and Fox-hunter."*

His maſterſhip ceaſed in 1855, *when the Pack was handed over to Captain Mainwaring. Owing to circumſtances to which it is needleſs here to allude, at the beginning of the Seaſon of* 1856 *many of the landowners warned the Hounds off their eſtates, and, in compliance with their wiſhes, the hunting men were compelled to ſubmit to the loſs of their ſport rather than cauſe a diſſenſſion in the county.*

In 1858, *the county was relieved from this difficulty by the acceſſion of Lord Groſvenor. The Eſtabliſhment in every department was kept up by him moſt efficiently, and our only regret was that his many other duties compelled him ſo often to be abſent from the field.*

On the reſignation of Lord Groſvenor, in 1866,

Mr. Corbet, of Adderley, undertook the management of the hounds, ſtipulating that he ſhould be allowed to hunt five inſtead of four days a-week.

Peter Colliſon, a very quick and active huntſman, retained his place with Mr. Corbet until 1869, *when he was ſucceeded by John Jones, who had whipped in to him for ſeveral ſeaſons.*

I truſt that, in deſcribing the difficulties which now attend it, I have not drawn too gloomy a picture of the future of Fox-hunting. My beſt wiſhes are for its laſting proſperity, and whatever be the obſtacles againſt which it may have to ſtruggle, my earneſt hope is that the youth of many generations to come may continue to find as much enjoyment as their forefathers have done in the noble ſport.

HUNTING SONGS.

The Woore Country.

I.

NOW ſummer's dull ſeaſon is over,
Once more we behold the glad pack;
And Wickſted appears at the cover,
Once more on old Mercury's back;
And Wells in the ſaddle is ſeated,
Though with ſcarce a whole bone in his ſkin;
His cheer by the echo repeated,
'Loo in! little dearies! 'loo in!

II.

How eagerly forward they ruſh,
In a moment how widely they ſpread;
Have at him there, Hotſpur! huſh! huſh!
'Tis a find or I'll forfeit my head;

Faſt flies the Fox away—faſter
The hounds from the cover are freed;
The horn to the mouth of the maſter,
The ſpur to the flank of his ſteed.

III.

Through ages recorded in metre
May the fame of each rider ſurvive;
From Tunſtall comes Broughton, call'd Peter,
From Styche comes the brotherhood Clive.
There's Hammond from Wiſtaſton bringing
All the news of the neighbouring ſhire;
Fitzherbert renown'd for his ſinging,
And Dorfold's invincible Squire;

IV.

Few Sportſmen ſo gallant, if any,
Did Woore ever ſend to the chaſe;
Each dingle for him has a cranny,
Each river a fordable place;
He knows the beſt line from each cover,
He knows where to ſtand for a ſtart,
And long may he live to ride over
The country he loves in his heart.

V.

There's Henry, the purple-clad Vicar,
So earneſtly plying the ſteel;
Conductor conducting him quicker,
Each prick from the ſpur at his heel.

Were my life to depend on the wager,
I know not which brother I'd back;
The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,
The Purple, the Pink, or the Black.

VI.

On a thorough-bred horſe there's a bruiſer,
Intent upon taking a lead;
The name of the man is John Crewe, ſir,
And Ajax the name of the ſteed;
There's Aqualate's Baronet, Boughey,
Whoſe eye ſtill on Wickſted is caſt;
Should the Fox run till midnight, I know he
Will ſtick by his friend to the laſt.

VII.

The Ford they call Charlie,—how cheery
To ride by his ſide in a run;
Whether midnight or morn, never weary
Of revel, and frolic, and fun.
When they lay this good fellow the tomb in,
He ſhall not be mock'd with a buſt,
But the favourite evergreen blooming
Shall ſpring and o'erſhadow his duſt.

VIII.

With Choriſter, Concord, and Chorus,
Now Chantreſs commences her ſong,
Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
And Sinbad is ſailing along;

Old Wells cloſely after them cramming,
His ſoul quite abſorb'd in the fun,
Continues unconſciouſly damning
Their dear little hearts as they run.

IX.

Scent on the fallow now failing,
While onward impatiently preſs
The horſemen—hear Charlie bewailing
In accents of bitter diſtreſs—
"Why, why will you ſpoil me the day now;
Have they run but to loſe him at laſt?
Pray now, friends! gentlemen! pray now,
Hold hard, let them make their own caſt."

X.

One moment for breathing we tarry,
One caſt and they hit it anew;
See! ſee! what a head they now carry,
And ſee now they run him in view.
More eager for blood at each ſtroke,
See Vengeance and Vulpicide ruſh;
Poor Renard, he thinks it no joke,
Hearing Joker ſo cloſe at his bruſh.

XI.

See! Soldier prepar'd for the brunt,
Hark! Champion's challenge I hear;
While Victory leads them in front,
And Havock purſues in the rear;

Whoop-hoop! they have ended the ſkurry,
And Charlie half mad with the run,
Firſt dances and ſhouts, "Worry! worry!"
Then tells what each darling has done.

XII.

A fig for your Leiceſterſhire ſwells!
While Wickſted ſuch ſport can enſure;
Long life to that varmint old Wells!
Succeſs to the country of Woore!
Let Stateſmen on politics parley,
Let Heroes go fight for renown,
While I've health to go hunting with Charley,
I envy no Monarch his crown.

1830.

Quæſitum Meritis.

I.

A CLUB of good fellows we meet once a year,
When the leaves of the foreſt are yellow and ſear;
By the motto that ſhines on each glaſs, it is ſhown,
We pledge in our cups the deſerving alone;
Our glaſs a quæſitum, ourſelves Cheſhire men,
May we fill it and drink it again and again.

II.

We hold in abhorrence all vulpicide knaves,
With their gins, and their traps, and their velveteen ſlaves;
They may feed their fat pheaſants, their foxes deſtroy,
And mar the prime ſport they themſelves can't enjoy;
But ſuch ſportſmen as theſe we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæſitum to them.

III.

That man of his wine is unworthy indeed,
Who grudges to mount a poor fellow in need;
Who keeps for nought elſe, ſave to purge 'em with balls,
Like a dog in a manger, his nags in their ſtalls;
Such niggards as theſe we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæſitum to them.

IV.

Some riders there are, who, too jealous of place,
Will fling back a gate in their next neighbour's face;
Some never pull up when a friend gets a fall,
Some ride over friends, hounds, and horſes, and all;

Such riders as theſe we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæſitum to them.

v.

For coffee-houſe goſſip ſome hunters come out,
Of all matters prating, ſave that they're about;
From ſcandal and cards they to politics roam,
They ride forty miles, head the Fox, and go home!
Such ſportſmen as theſe we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæſitum to them.

VI.

Since one Fox on foot more diverſion will bring
Than twice twenty thouſand cock pheaſants on wing,
The man we all honour, whate'er be his rank,
Whoſe heart heaves a ſigh when his gorſe is drawn blank.
Quæſitum! Quæſitum! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VII.

O! give me that man to whom nought comes amiſs,
One horſe or another, that country or this;

Through falls and bad ſtarts who undauntedly
ſtill
Rides up to this motto: "Be with 'em I will."
Quæſitum! Quæſitum! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VIII.

O! give me that man who can ride through a
run,
Nor engroſs to himſelf all the glory when done;
Who calls not each horſe that o'ertakes him a
"ſcrew,"
Who loves a run beſt when a friend ſees it too!
Quæſitum! Quæſitum! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

IX.

O! give me that man who himſelf goes the pace,
And whoſe table is free to all friends of the
chaſe;
Should a ſpirit ſo choice in this wide world be
ſeen,
He rides, you may ſwear, in a collar of green;
Quæſitum! Quæſitum! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

1832.

Old Oulton Lowe.

I.

BAD luck to the Country! the clock had ſtruck two,
We had found ne'er a Fox in the gorſes we drew;
When each heart felt a thrill at the ſound,
"Tally-Ho!"
Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe!

II.

Away like a whirlwind toward Calveley Hall,
For the firſt thirty minutes Pug laugh'd at us all;
Our nags cur'd of kicking, ourſelves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us, we were moſt of us beat.

III.

The Willington mare, when ſhe ſtarted ſo faſt,
Ah! we little thought then that the race was her laſt;
Accurſt be the ſtake that was ſtain'd with her blood;
But why cry for ſpilt milk?—may the next be as good!

IV.

'Twas a fight for us all, worth a million, I ſwear,
To ſee the Black Squire how he rode the black mare;

The meed that he merits, the Muſe ſhall beſtow,
Firſt, foremoſt, and fleeteſt from old Oulton Lowe!

V.

How Delamere went, it were uſeleſs to tell,
To ſay he was out, is to ſay he went well;
A rider ſo ſkilful ne'er buckled on ſpur
To rule a raſh horſe, or to make a ſcrew ſtir.

VI.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France;
In the chaſe, as in war, we muſt all take our chance.
Little Ireland kept up, like his nameſake the nation,
By dint of "coercion" and great "agitation."

VII.

Now Victor and Bedford were ſeen in the van,
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
He ſcreech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow,
"Their briſtles are up! Sir! they're hard at him now."

VIII.

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
"Come along, little Rowley boy, why don't you ride?"

How he chuckled to ſee the long tail in diſtreſs,
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Beſs.

IX.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd "whoo-hoop,"
While he thought on the Lion that eat him half up;
Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beaſt of his dinner,
He was up in his ſtirrups, and rode like a winner.

X.

Oh! where 'mid the many found wanting in ſpeed,
Oh! where and oh! where was the Wiſtaſton ſteed?
Dead beat! ſtill his rider ſo lick'd him and prick'd him,
He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that kick'd him.

XI.

The Ceſtrian cheſtnut ſhow'd ſymptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his noſe ere he came to the wood.
Where now is Dollgoſh? Where the racer from Da'enham?
Such faſt ones as theſe! what miſhap has o'er-ta'en 'em?

XII.

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane,
(Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain,)
"Have you ſeen a brown horſe?" "No, indeed, Sir; but pray,
In the courſe of your ramble have *you* ſeen a grey?"

XIII.

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer,
Whom he found in the ſtreet, with his head rather queer,
So Dobbin was loos'd from his work at the plough,
To aſſiſt a proud hunter, ſtuck faſt in a ſlough.

XIV.

I advocate "movement" when ſhown in a horſe,
But I love in my heart a "conſervative" gorſe;
Long life to Sir Philip! we'll drink ere we go,
Old times! and old Cheſhire! and old Oulton Lowe!

1833.

Tarporley Hunt, 1833.

I.

WHEN without verdure the woods in November are,
Then to our collars their green is transferr'd;
Racing and chaſing the ſports of each member are,
Come then to Tarporley booted and ſpurr'd;

Holding together, Sir,
Scorning the weather, Sir,
Like the good leather, Sir,
Which we put on:
Quæſitum meritis!
Good fun how rare it is!
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.

II.

Lo! there's a Maiden whoſe ſweet diſpoſition is
Bent, like Diana's of old, on the chaſe;
Joy to that ſportſman whoſe horſe, in condition, is
Able and willing to go the beſt pace;
Racers are ſweating now,
Owners are fretting now,
Stable boys betting now,
France! ten to one:
Quæſitum meritis, &c.

III.

Lo! where the foreſt turf covers gentility,
Foremoſt with glory and hindmoſt with mud;
Now let the Preſident prove his ability,
Umpire of ſpeed, whether cocktail or blood;
Go-by and Adelaide,
Though they were ſaddled,
Led forth and ſtraddled,
Judge there was none!
Quæſitum meritis, &c.

IV.

How with due praiſe ſhall I ſing the Palatinate,
Ably with Preſidents filling our chair;
The Greys and the Leghs, and the Brookes that have ſat in it,
Toaſting our bumpers and drinking their ſhare?
Each Squire and each Lord, Sir,
That meets at our board, Sir,
Were I to record, Sir,
I ne'er ſhould have done:
Quæſitum meritis, &c.

V.

"Sume ſuperbiam quæſitam meritis,"
Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down,
Long may we good fellows, now a day rarities,
Live to make merry in Tarporley town.
Fox preſervation,
Throughout the whole nation,
Affords recreation,
Then drink it, each man:
Quæſitum meritis!
Good fun how rare it is!
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.

The Little Red Rover.

I.

THE dewdrop is clinging
To whin-buſh and brake,
The ſkylark is ſinging
"Merrie hunters, awake;"
Home to the cover,
Deſerted by night,
The little Red Rover
Is bending his flight.

II.

Reſounds the glad hollo;
The pack ſcents the prey;
Man and horſe follow
Away! Hark, away!
Away! never fearing,
Ne'er ſlacken your pace:
What muſic ſo cheering
As that of the chaſe?

III.

The Rover ſtill ſpeeding,
Still diſtant from home,
Spurr'd flanks are bleeding,
And cover'd with foam;

Fleet limbs extended,
Roan, cheſtnut, or grey,
The burſt, ere 'tis ended,
Shall try them to-day!

IV.

Well known is yon cover,
And crag hanging o'er,
The little Red Rover
Shall reach it no more!
The foremoſt hounds near him,
His ſtrength 'gins to droop:
In pieces they tear him,
Who-whoop! Who-who-whoop!

The Fox and the Brambles.

A FABLE.

BEFORE the pack for many a mile
A Fox had ſped in gallant ſtyle;
But gaſping with fatigue at laſt,
The clamorous hounds approach'd him faſt;
Though painful now the toilſome race,
With draggled bruſh and ſtealthy pace
Still onward for his life he flies—
He nears the wood—before him lies
A tangled maſs of thorn and bramble;
In vain beneath he tries to ſcramble,

So ſpringing, heedleſs of his ſkin,
With deſperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him cloſes ;
To him it ſeem'd a bed of roſes,
As there he lay and heard around
The baying of the baffled hound.
Within that buſh, his fears allay'd,
He many a ſage reflection made ;
" 'Tis true, whene'er I ſtir," he cried,
" The brambles wound my bleeding ſide,
" But he who ſeeks may ſeek in vain
" For perfect bliſs ; then why complain ?
" Since, mingled in one current, flow
" Both good and evil, joy and woe ;
" O ! let me ſtill with patience bear
" The evil, for the good that's there.
" Howe'er unpleaſant this retreat,
" Yet every bitter has its ſweet ;
" The brambles pierce my ſkin, no doubt,
" The hounds had torn my entrails out."

Good farmers ! read, nor take amiſs,
The moral which I draw from this ;
Grieve not o'er gap or broken gate ;
The damage ſmall, the profit great ;
The love of ſport to home brings down
Your Landlord from the ſmoky town,
To dwell and ſpend his rents among

The tenantry, from whom they ſprung.
Though vainly when he leads the chaſe,
His willing ſteed urged on apace,
When ſcent is good and hounds are fleet,
Though vainly then you ſhout, "Ware wheat!"
That ſteed, perchance, by you was bred,
And yours the corn on which he's fed;
Ah! then reſtrain your riſing ire,
Nor raſhly damn the Hunting Squire.

The Earth Stopper.

I.

TERROR of henrooſts! now from hollow
ſand-earth,
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmſtead,
Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
Warily prowleth.

II.

Rouſe thee! Earth ſtopper! rouſe thee from thy
ſlumber!
Get thee thy worſted hoſe and winter coat on,
While the good houſewife, crawling from her
blanket,
Lights thee thy lantern.

III.

Clad for thy midnight ſilent occupation,
Mount thy old doghorſe, ſpade upon thy ſhoulder,
Wiry hair'd Vixen, whereſoe'er thou wendeſt,
Ready to follow.

IV.

Though the chill rain drops, driven by the north wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, ſoaking through and through thee,
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken winded,
Hobble on three legs;

V.

Finiſh thy night-work well, or woe betide thee,
If on the morrow irritated Huntſman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in ſcarlet,
Find the earths open!

The Old Brown Foreſt.

I.

BROWN Foreſt of Mara! whoſe bounds were of yore
From Kellſborrow's Caſtle outſtretch'd to the ſhore,

Our fields and our hamlets afforeſted then,
That thy beaſts might have covert—unhous'd were our men.

II.

Our King the firſt William, Hugh Lupus our Earl,
Then poaching, I ween, was no ſport for a churl;
A nooſe for his neck who a ſnare ſhould contrive,
Who ſkinn'd a dead buck was himſelf flay'd alive!

III.

Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
They loved in the foreſt to bend the yew bow;
They wound their "recheat" and their "mort" on the horn,
And they laugh'd the rude chaſe of the Saxon to ſcorn.

IV.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds, to ſeize
Waif, pannage, agiſtment and windfallen trees,
His knaves through our foreſt Ralph Kingſley diſpers'd,
Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the firſt.

V.

This horn the Grand Foreſter wore at his ſide
Whene'er his liege lord choſe a hunting to ride;
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It paſs'd from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

VI.

O! then the proud falcon, unloos'd from the glove,
Like her maſter below, play'd the tyrant above;
While faintly, more faintly, were heard in the ſky,
The ſilver-ton'd bells as ſhe darted on high.

VII.

Then rous'd from ſweet ſlumber, the ladie high born,
Her palfrey would mount at the ſound of the horn;
Her palfrey uptoſs'd his rich trappings in air,
And neigh'd with delight ſuch a burden to bear.

VIII.

Vers'd in all woodcraft and proud of her ſkill,
Her charms in the foreſt ſeem'd lovelier ſtill;
The Abbot rode forth from the abbey ſo fair,
Nor lov'd the ſport leſs when a bright eye was there.

IX.

Thou Palatine prophet! whoſe fame I revere
(Woe be to that bard who ſpeaks ill of a ſeer),
Forewarn'd of thy fate, as our legends report,
Thou wert born in a foreſt and "clemm'd" in a court.

X.

Now goading thine oxen, now urging amain
Fierce monarchs to battle on Boſworth's red plain;

"A foot with two heels, and a hand with three thumbs!"
Good luck to the land when this prodigy comes!

XI.

"Steeds ſhall by hundreds ſeek maſters in vain,
Till under their bellies the girths rot in twain;"
'Twill need little ſkill to interpret this dream,
When o'er the brown foreſt we travel by ſteam!

XII.

Here hunted the Scot whom, too wiſe to ſhow fight,
No war, ſave the war of the woods, could excite;
His learning, they ſay, did his valour ſurpaſs,
Though a hero when arm'd with a couteau de chaſſe.

XIII.

Ah! then came the days when to England's diſgrace,
A King was her quarry, and warfare her chaſe;
Old Noll for their huntſman! a puritan pack!
With pſalms on their tongues—but with blood in their track.

XIV.

Then Charlie our King was reſtor'd to his own,
And again the blythe horn in the foreſt was blown;
Steeds from the deſert then croſs'd the blue wave
To contend on our turf for the prizes he gave.

XV.

Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught fox-hounds to ſkurry,
With muſic in plenty—O! where was the hurry?
When each nag wore a crupper, each Squire a pigtail;
When our toaſt "The Brown Foreſt," was drunk in brown ale.

XVI.

The faſt ones came next, with a wild fox in view,
"Ware hole!" was a caution then heeded by few;
Oppos'd by no cops, by no fences confin'd,
O'er whinbuſh and heather they ſwept like the wind.

XVII.

Behold! in the ſoil of our foreſt once more,
The ſapling takes root as in ages of yore;
The oak of old England with branches outſpread,
The pine-tree above them uprearing its head.

XVIII.

Where, 'twixt the whalebones, the widow ſat down,
Who forſook the Black foreſt to dwell in the Brown,
There, where the flock on ſweet herbage once fed,
The blackcock takes wing, and the fox-cub is bred.

XIX.

This timber the ſtorms of the ocean ſhall weather,
And ſail o'er the waves as we ſail'd o'er the heather;
Each plant of the foreſt, when launch'd from the ſtocks,
May it run down a foeman as we do a Fox.

The Dead Hunter.

I.

HIS ſire from the deſert, his dam from the north,
The pride of my ſtable ſtept gallantly forth,
One ſlip in his ſtride as the ſcurry he led,
And my ſteed, ere his rivals o'ertook him, lay dead.

II.

Poor ſteed! ſhall thy limbs on the hunting field lie,
That his beak in thy carcaſe the raven may dye?
Is it thine the ſad doom of thy race to fulfil,
Thy fleſh to the cauldron, thy bones to the mill?

III.

Ah! no.—I beheld thee a foal yet unſhod,
Now race round the paddock, now roll on the ſod;

Where firſt thy young hoof the green herbage
impreſs'd,
There, the ſhoes on thy feet, will I lay thee to
reſt!

The Spectre Stag.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

I.

A BARON lived in Germany,
Of old and noble race,
Whoſe mind was wholly bent upon
The pleaſures of the chaſe.

II.

Thro' ſummer's ſultry dog-days,
Thro' winter's froſt ſevere,
This Baron's hunting ſeaſon
Was twelve months in the year.

III.

From dawn till dark he hunted,
And the truth I grieve to ſpeak,
The number of his hunting days
Was ſeven in the week.

IV.

No lands within his ſeignorie
Was ſerf allowed to till;

No corn-field in the valley,
No vineyard on the hill.

V.

What marvel hungry poachers,
When the Baron was a-bed,
Were bent on ſtealing veniſon,
For very lack of bread?

VI.

But woe that wretch betided,
Who in the queſt was found;
On the ſtag he would have ſlaughter'd
Was his naked body bound.

VII.

Borne, like Mazeppa, headlong,
From the panting quarry's back
He ſaw the thirſty blood-hounds
Let looſe upon his track.

VIII.

The pack, their prey o'ertaken,
On the mangled victims feaſt;
And, mix'd in one red ſlaughter,
Flows the blood of man and beaſt.

IX.

The Baron thus his paſtime
Purſued until he died;
My tale ſhall tell how this befell
On the eve of Eaſtertide.

X.

The moon roſe o'er the foreſt,
And the diſtant village chime
Call'd ſinners to confeſſion,
And beſpoke a hallow'd time.

XI.

When ſuddenly a ſtrange halloo
Was heard around to ring,
The Hunter ſeiz'd his bow and plac'd
An arrow on the ſtring.

XII.

The cry, the cheer, the tumult
Of the chaſe—and then, diſplay'd
By the pale light of the moonbeam,
Far adown the foreſt-glade,

XIII.

Was ſeen, with brow full antler'd,
A Monſter Stag—his back
Beſtridden by a Huntſman,
Apparell'd all in black.

XIV.

Their eyes unto their maſter
The crouching pack uprais'd,
Their maſter on his trembling ſteed
At the ſight was ſore amaz'd.

XV.

"Ye curs," he cried, "why ſtir ye not?
A curſe upon the breed!
And you, ye loitering varlets,
Where are ye in ſuch need?"

XVI.

To ſummon then his followers,
He graſp'd his hunting horn,
Through the foreſt's deep receſſes
The echoing blaſt was borne.

XVII.

But borne in vain—his retinue
No note in anſwer gave;
And the ſilence that ſucceeded
Was the ſilence of the grave.

XVIII.

His eye in terror glancing
From glade to diſtant crag,
Nought ſaw he ſave the ſpectre
Goading on that griſly ſtag.

XIX.

The nearer it approach'd him,
The larger ſtill it grew;
Again he ſeiz'd his hunting horn,
And his gaſping breath he drew.

XX.

Eye, cheek, and throat diſtended,
Each fibre ſtrain'd to blow,
His life-breath paſt in that bugle blaſt,
And he fell from the ſaddle bow.

XXI.

Where the Baron's chaſe was ended,
There they laid his bones to rot;
And his heirs, in after ages,
Built a Chapel on the ſpot.

XXII.

And ſtill, they ſay, that bugle blaſt,
When Eaſter-tide comes round,
Diſturbs the midnight foreſt
With a ſtrange unearthly ſound.

On the New Kennel, erected on Delamere Foreſt.

MAY, 1834.

I.

GREAT names in the Abbey are graven in ſtone,
Our kennel records them in good fleſh and bone;
A *Bedford*, a *Gloſter*, to life we reſtore,
And *Nelſon* with *Victory* couple once more,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Were the laws of the kennel the laws of the land,
The ſhillalah ſhould drop from the Iriſhman's hand;
And journeymen tailors, on "ſtriking" intent,
Should ſtick to their ſtitching like hounds to a ſcent.

III.

O! grant, ye reformers, who rule o'er us all,
That our kennels may ſtand though our colleges fall;
Our pack from long trial we know to be good,
Grey-hounds admitted might ruin the blood.

IV.

Fond parents may dote on their pride of thirteen,
Switch'd into Latin and breech'd in nankeen;
A puppy juſt enter'd a language can ſpeak
More ſweetly ſonorous than Homer's own Greek.

V.

O! clothe me in ſcarlet! a ſpur on each heel!
And guardſmen may caſe their whole bodies in ſteel!
Lancers in battle with lancers may tilt,
Mine be the warfare unſullied with guilt!

VI.

New built, may this kennel continue to rear
A pack ſtill as prime as the old ones bred here;
May the depth of their cry be no check to their pace,
But the ring of their muſic ſtill gladden the chaſe.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

1834.

The Ladie Cunigunda of Kynaſt.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(F. RUCKERT.)

I.

"IN my bower," ſaid Cunigunda,
"No longer will I bide,
I will ride forth to the hunting,
Right merrie 'tis to ride."

II.

Said ſhe, "None but a valiant Knight
Shall win me for a bride;
Undaunted muſt he venture
Round my caſtle wall to ride."

III.

Then rode a noble Knight along
The Kynaſt Caſtle wall;

Her hand that Ladie rais'd not
At the noble Knight's downfall.

IV.

Upon that wall another Knight
Rode gallantly and well;
That Ladie's heart miſgave her not
When horſe and rider fell.

V.

Another Knight, and once again
Another dar'd to try,
And both, down rolling headlong,
She beheld with tearleſs eye.

VI.

Thus years and years paſs'd on, until
No Knight again drew nigh;
None to ride again would venture,
For to venture was to die.

VII.

Cunigunda from the battlement
Look'd out both far and wide:
"I ſit within my bower alone,
Will none attempt the ride?

VIII.

"O! is there none would win me now,
And wear me for a bride?
Has chivalry turn'd recreant?
Has knighthood loſt its pride?"

IX.

Out ſpake Thuringia's Landgrave
(Count Adelbert he hight,)
"This Ladie fair is worthy well
The venture of a Knight."

X.

The Landgrave train'd his war-horſe
On the mountain ſteep to go,
That the Ladie might not glory
In another overthrow.

XI.

"'Tis I, O noble Ladie,
Who will on the venture ſpeed;"
Sadly, earneſtly, ſhe eyed him,
As he ſprang upon his ſteed.

XII.

She ſaw him mount and onward ſpur,
She trembled and ſhe ſigh'd:
"O woe is me that for my ſake
He tries this fearful ride!"

XIII.

He rode along the caſtle wall,
She turn'd her from the ſight:
"Woe is me, he rideth ſtraightway
To his grave, that noble Knight!"

XIV.

He rode along the caſtle wall,
On dizzy rampart there;
She dar'd not move a finger
Of her hand, that Ladie fair!

XV.

He rode along the caſtle wall,
O'er battlement and mound;
She dar'd not breathe a whiſper,
Leſt he totter at the ſound.

XVI.

He rode around the caſtle wall,
And down again rode he:
"Now God be prais'd that he hath ſpar'd
Thy precious life to thee!

XVII.

"May God be prais'd thou didſt not ride
A death-ride to thy grave!
Now quit thy ſteed and claim thy bride,
Thou worthy Knight and brave!"

XVIII.

Then ſpake the Landgrave, bending down
Unto the ſaddle bow:
"That Knight can dare, O Ladie fair,
This morning's ride doth ſhow.

XIX.

"Wait thou until another come
To do this feat for thee;
A wife I have and children,
And my bride thou canſt not be."

XX.

He ſpurr'd his ſteed and went his way,
Light-hearted as he came;
And as he went half dead was ſhe
With anger and with ſhame.

The Love-Chace.

FOND Lover! pining night and day,
Come liſten to a hunter's lay;
The craft of each is to purſue,
Then learn from hunting how to woo.

It matters not to eager hound
The cover where the fox is found,
Whether he o'er the open fly,
Or echoing woods repeat his cry;
And when the welcome ſhout ſays "Gone!"
Then we, whate'er the line, ruſh on.
Seen ſeated in the banquet-hall,
Or view'd afoot at midnight ball,
Whene'er the beating of your heart
Proclaims a find, that moment ſtart!

If ſilence beſt her humour ſuit,
Then make at firſt the running mute;
But if to mirth inclin'd, give tongue
In ſpoken jeſt or ditty ſung;
Let laughter and light prattle cheer
The love-chace, when the maid is near;
When abſent, fancy muſt purſue
Her form, and keep her face in view;
Fond thoughts muſt like the buſy pack
Unceaſingly her footſteps track.

The doubt, the agony, the fear,
Are fences raiſed for you to clear;
Puſh on through pique, rebuff, and ſcorn,
As hunters bruſh through hedge of thorn;
On dark deſpondency ſtill look
As hunters on a yawning brook,
If for one moment on the brink
You falter, in you fall—and ſink.

Though following faſt the onward track,
Turn quickly when ſhe doubles back;
Whenever check'd, whenever croſt,
Still never deem the quarry loſt;
Caſt forward firſt, if that ſhould fail,
A backward caſt may chance avail;
Caſt far and near, caſt all around,
Leave not untried one inch of ground.

Should envious rival at your ſide
Cling, joſtling as you onward ride,
Then let not jealouſy deter,
But uſe it rather as a ſpur;
Outſtrip him ere he interfere,
And ſplaſh the dirt in his career.

With other nymphs avoid all flirting,
Thoſe hounds are hang'd that take to ſkirting;
Of Cupid's angry laſh beware,
Provoke him not to cry "Ware hare;"
That winged whipper-in will rate
Your riot if you run not ſtraight.

Though Reynard, with unwearied flight,
Should run from dawn till duſky night,
However ſwift, however ſtout,
Still perſeverance tires him out;
And never yet have I heard tell
Of maiden ſo inflexible,
Of one caſt in ſo hard a mould,
So coy, ſo ſtubborn, or ſo cold,
But courage, conſtancy, and ſkill
Could find a way to win her ſtill;
Though at the find her timid cry
Be "No! no! no! indeed not I,"
The finiſh ever ends in this,
Proud beauty caught, at laſt ſays, "Yes."

Hunters may range the country round,
And balk'd of ſport no fox be found;
A blank the favourite gorſe may prove,
But maiden's heart, when drawn for love,
(Their gracious ſtars let Lovers thank,)
Was ne'er, when drawn aright, drawn blank.

If any could, that Goddeſs fair,
Diana, might have ſcap'd the ſnare;
That cunning huntreſs might have laugh'd,
If any could, at Cupid's ſhaft;
Still, though reluctant to ſubmit,
That tiny ſhaft the Goddeſs hit;
And on the mountain-top, they ſay,
Endymion ſtole her heart away.

Bear this in mind throughout the run,
"Faint heart fair lady never won;"
Thoſe cravens are thrown out who ſwerve,
"None but the brave the fair deſerve."

Succeſs will aye the Lover crown,
If guided by theſe rules laid down;
Then little Cupid, ſtanding near,
Shall greet him with a luſty cheer;
And Hymen, that old huntſman, loop
The couples, while he ſhouts, "Who-hoop!"

A Recollection.

I WELL remember in my youthful day,
When firſt of love I felt the inward ſmart,
How one fair morning, eager all to ſtart,
My fellow hunters chided my delay.
I follow'd liſtleſs, for with tyrant ſway
That ſecret grief oppreſs'd my aching heart,
Till fond Hope whiſper'd, ere this day depart
Thy lov'd one thou ſhalt ſee—Away! away!

The chace began, I ſhar'd its maddening glee,
And rode amid the foremoſt in that run,
Whoſe end, far diſtant, Love had well foretold.
Her dwelling lay betwixt my home and me;
We met, ſtill lingering ere it ſunk, the ſun
O'erſpread her bluſhes with a veil of gold.

The Tantivy Trot.

I.

HERE'S to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame,
Harriſon, Peyton, and Ward, Sir;
Here's to the faſt ones that after them came,
Ford and the Lancaſhire Lord, Sir,
Let the ſteam pot
Hiſs till it's hot,
Give me the ſpeed of the Tantivy Trot.

II.

Here's to the team, Sir, all harneſs'd to ſtart,
Brilliant in Brummagem leather;
Here's to the waggoner, ſkill'd in the art,
Coupling the cattle together.
Let the ſteam pot, &c.

III.

Here's to the dear little damſels within,
Here's to the ſwells on the top, Sir;
Here's to the muſic in three feet of tin,
And here's to the tapering crop, Sir.
Let the ſteam pot, &c.

IV.

Here's to the ſhape that is ſhown the near ſide,
Here's to the blood on the off, Sir;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of ſtride!
Wind without whiſtle or cough, Sir!
Let the ſteam pot, &c.

V.

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
Still to a gallop inclin'd, Sir;
Heads in the front with no bearing reins on!
Tails with no cruppers behind, Sir!
Let the ſteam pot, &c.

VI.

Here's to the dragſmen I've dragged into ſong,
Saliſbury, Mountain, and Co., Sir;
Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along
Five twenty-fives at a go! Sir.
Let the ſteam pot, &c.

VII.

Here's to Mac Adam the Mac of all Macs,
Here's to the road we ne'er tire on;
Let me but roll o'er the granite he cracks,
Ride ye who like it on iron.
Let the ſteam pot
Hiſs till it's hot,
Give me the ſpeed of the Tantivy Trot.
1834.

Hawkſtone Bow-Meeting.

"Celeri certare ſagittâ
Invitat qui forte velint, et præmia ponit."
ÆN. *lib.* V.

I.

FAREWELL to the Dane and the Weaver
Farewell to the horn and the hound!
The Tarporley Swan, I muſt leave her
Unſung till the ſeaſon come round;

My hunting whip hung in a corner,
My bridle and ſaddle below,
I call on the Muſe and adorn her
With baldrick, and quiver, and bow.

II.

Bright Goddeſs! aſſiſt me, recounting
The names of toxophilites here,
How Watkin came down from the mountain,
And Mainwaring up from the Mere;
Aſſiſt me to fly with as many on
As the ſteed of Parnaſſus can take,
Price, Parker, Lloyd, Kynaſton, Kenyon,
Dod, Cunliffe, Brooke, Owen and Drake.

III.

To witneſs the feats of the Bowmen,
To ſtare at the tent of the Bey,
Merrie Maidens and ale-drinking Yeomen
At Hawkſtone aſſemble to-day.
From the lord to the loweſt in ſtation,
From the eaſt of the ſhire to the weſt,
Salopia's whole population
Within the green valley compreſt.

IV.

In the hues of the target appearing,
Now the bent of each archer is ſeen;
The widow to *ſable* adhering,
The lover forſaken to *green;*

For *gold* its affection diſplaying,
One ſhaft at the centre is ſped;
Another a love tale betraying,
Is aim'd with a bluſh at the *red.*

V.

Pride pointing profanely at heaven,
Humility ſweeping the ground,
The arrow of gluttony driven
Where ven'ſon and ſherry abound!
At *white* ſee the maiden unmated
The arrow of innocence draw,
While the ſhaft of the matron is fated
To faſten its point in the *ſtraw.*

VI.

Tell, fated with Geſſler to grapple
Till the tyrannous Bailiff was ſlain,
Let Switzerland boaſt of the apple
His arrow once ſever'd in twain;
We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer,
Such a feat were again to be done,
Should our hoſt and his Lady think fit, Sir,
To lend us the head of their ſon!

VII.

The aſh may be graceful and limber,
The oak may be ſturdy and true;

You may ſearch, but in vain, for a timber
To rival the old Britiſh yew!
You may roam through all lands, but there's no land
Can ſport ſuch as Salop's afford,
And the Hill of all Hills is Sir Rowland!
The hero of heroes my Lord!
1835.

The Ball and the Battue.

I.

YE who care to encourage the long-feather'd breed,
To the Ball overnight let the Battue ſucceed;
For when the heart aches,
Ten to one the hand ſhakes
And ſighs beget curſes, and curſes miſtakes.

II.

For the ſhot-belt of leather, in velveteen dreſt,
I have doff'd the gold chain and laid by the ſilk veſt,
A pancake ſo flat
Was my ball-going hat,
But a dumpling to ſhoot in is better than that.

III.

My Manton to concert pitch tun'd for the day,
How the pheaſants will reel in the air as I play!

While ſnipes as they fly
Pirouette in the ſky,
And rabbits and hares in the gallopade die.

IV.

"Once more might I view thee, ſweet partner!"
"Mark hare!
She is gone down the middle and up again there"—
"That hand might I kiſs,
Mark cock!—did I miſs?
Ye Gods, who could ſhoot with a weapon like this?"—

V.

In my breaſt there's a thorn which no doctor can reach,
Ah me!—but what's this that I feel in my breech?—
Overwhelm'd by the pain
Of a love that is vain—
How on earth ſhall I ever get out of this drain?

VI.

Thus a father may reſcue his pheaſants from ſlaughter,
The beſt of preſervers his own pretty daughter;

Sad thoughts in the pate,
On the heart a ſad weight,
Who, blinded by Cupid, could ever aim ſtraight?

1837.

On the Landlord

OF THE WHITE HORSE INN, AT ALPNACH, IN SWITZERLAND.

I.

THE white horſe by mine hoſt has been brought to the poſt,
Of his points and his pints he has reaſon to boaſt;
To the gueſts who approach him a welcome he ſnorts,
While they fill up his quarters and empty his quarts.

II.

Neither weak in his *Hocks*, nor deficient in *Beaune*,
In his *Cote* good condition though palpably ſhown,
There are folk, not a few, who ſtill call him a ſcrew;
If applied to cork-drawing, the term may be true.

III.

Altogether reverſing the old-faſhion'd plan,
Here the horſe puts a bit in the mouth of the man ;
And ſo long as not given to running away,
To the roadſter who enters he never ſays
"*Neigh.*"

IV.

He ſets him, when caught, ſtraight to work at the *Carte*,
With the coſt of it ſaddles him ere he depart,
Gives him three feeds a day and the run of the bin,
And then makes him fork *out* for the good of the *Inn!*

V.

They may call the grey mare at his ſide the beſt horſe,
But they both pull together for better for worſe ;
Through the *heyday* of life may they pleaſantly paſs,
Till by Death, that grim groom, they are turn'd out to graſs.

Cheſhire Chivalry.

ON the 23rd of December, 1837, the Cheſhire Hounds found a fox in the plantation adjoining Tilſton Lodge. Running directly to the houſe, he baffled for a time all further purſuit by leaping through a window pane into the dairy. When captured, he was turned out at Wardle Gorſe, and after an unuſually quick burſt, in the courſe of which he croſſed two canals, was killed at Cholmondeſton.

I.

UNPUNISH'D ſhall Reynard our dairies attack,
His fate unrecorded in ſong?
Ah! no; when the captive was loos'd from a ſack,
There was not, fair milk-maid, a hound in the pack,
But was bent on avenging thy wrong.

II.

Would that thoſe who imagine all chivalry o'er,
Had encounter'd our gallant array;
Ne'er a hundred ſuch knights, e'en in ages of yore,
Took the field in the cauſe of one damſel before,
As were ſeen in the ſaddle that day.

III.

Their high-mettled courage no dangers appal,
So keen was the ardour diſplay'd;

Some loſe a frail ſtirrup, ſome flounder, ſome fall,
Some gallantly ſtem the deep waters, and all
For the ſake of the pretty milk-maid.

IV.

For thirty faſt minutes Pug fled from his foes,
Nor a moment for breathing allow'd;
When at Cholm'ſtone the ſkurry was brought to a cloſe,
The nags that had follow'd him needed repoſe,
As their panting and ſobbing avow'd.

V.

There, ſtretch'd on the greenſward, lay Geoffry the ſtout,
His heels were upturn'd to the ſky,
From each boot flow'd a ſtream, as it were from a ſpout,
Away ſtole the fox ere one half had run out,
And away with freſh vigour we fly!

VI.

Once more to the water, though haraſs'd and beat,
The fox with a ſtruggle ſwam through;
Though the churn that he tainted ſhall never be ſweet,
His heart's blood ere long ſhall our vengeance complete,
And the caitiff his villany rue.

VII.

Stout Geoffry declar'd he would witneſs the kill
Should he ſwim in the ſaddle till dark;
Six horſemen undauntedly follow'd him ſtill,
Till the fate that awaited the ſteed of Sir Phil
Put an end to this merry mud lark.

VIII.

Back, back, the bold Baronet roll'd from the ſhore,
Immers'd overhead in the wave;
The Tories 'gan think that the game was all o'er,
For their member was miſſing a minute or more
Ere he roſe from his watery grave.

IX.

Quoth Tollemache, more eager than all to make
ſail,
(A ſoul that abhorreth reſtraint,)
"Good doctor," quoth he, "ſince thy remedies
fail,
Since bliſter, nor bleeding, nor pill-box avail,
Cold bathing may ſuit my complaint."

X.

When Williams paſt o'er, at the burden they bore
The waters all trembled with awe;
For the heaving canal, when it waſh'd him aſhore,
Ne'er had felt ſuch a ſwell on its ſurface before,
As the ſwell from the Leamington Spa.

XI.

Harry Brooke, as a bird o'er the billow would ſkim,
Muſt have flown to the furthermoſt brink;
For the moiſture had reach'd neither garment nor limb,
There was not a ſpeck the boot poliſh to dim,
Nor a mudſtain to tarniſh the pink.

XII.

The fox looking back, ſaw them fathom the tide,
But was doom'd, ere they croſs'd it, to die;
Who-whoop may ſound ſweeter by far on that ſide,
But, thinks I to myſelf, I've a twenty-mile ride,
And as yet my good leather is dry.

XIII.

Life-guardſman! why hang down in ſorrow thy head?
Could our pack ſuch a faſt one outſtrip?
Looking down at the ditch where his mare lay for dead,
"Pray, which way to Aſton," he mournfully ſaid,
And uptwiſted the hair of his lip.

XIV.

Though of milk and of water I've made a long tale,
When a livelier liquor's diſplay'd,
I've a toaſt that will ſuit either claret or ale,
Good ſport to the Kennel! ſucceſs to the Pail!
And a health to the pretty Milk-maid!

1837.

On the Picture of the Cheſhire Hunt,

PAINTED BY H. CALVERT IN 1840.

I.

ERE our Kennel a coal-hole envelop'd in ſmoke,
Blood and bone ſhall give way to hot water and coke;
Make and ſhape, pace and pedigree, held as a jeſt,
All the power of the Stud in a copper compreſt;

II.

The green collar faded, good fellowſhip o'er,
Sir Peter and Barry remember'd no more,
From her Tarporley perch ere the Swan ſhall drop down,
And her death-note be heard through the deſolate town,

III.

Let Geoffrey record, in the reign of Queen Vic,
How the horſe and his rider could ſtill do the trick;
Let his journal, bequeath'd to poſterity, ſhow
How their ſires rode a hunting in days long ago.

IV.

In colours unfading let Calvert deſign
A field not unworthy a ſport ſo divine;

For when Joe was their Huntſman, and Tom their firſt Whip,
Who then could the choſen of Cheſhire outſtrip?

V.

Let the Laureate, ere yet he be laid on the ſhelf,
Say how dearly he lov'd the diverſion himſelf;
How his Muſe o'er the field made each ſeaſon a caſt,
Gave a cheer to the foremoſt, and rated the laſt.

VI.

All the glories of Belvoir let Delamere tell,
And how Leiceſterſhire griev'd when he bade them farewell;
Tell how oft with the Quorn he had liv'd through a burſt
When the few were ſelected, the many diſpers'd.

VII.

With ſo graceful a ſeat, and with ſpirits ſo gay,
Let them learn from Sir Richard, erect on his grey,
How the beſt of all cures for a pain in the back
Is to ſit on the pigſkin and follow the pack.

VIII.

Say, Glegg, how the chace requir'd judgment and ſkill,
How to coax a tir'd horſe over valley and hill;

How his ſhoe ſhould be ſhap'd, how to nurſe him when ſick,
And when out how to ſpare him by making a nick.

IX.

Charley Cholmondeley, make known how, in Welleſley's campaign
When the mail arriv'd loaded with laurels from Spain,
How cheers through the club-room were heard to reſound,
While, upfill'd to the brim, the Quaſitum went round.

X.

Let Wickſted deſcribe and futurity learn
All the points of a hound, from the noſe to the ſtern;
He whoſe joy 'tis to dance, without fiddle or pipe,
To the tune of Who-whoop with a fox in his gripe,

XI.

Say, Dorfold's black Squire, how, when trundling ahead,
Ever cloſe to your ſide clung the Colonel in red;
He who, charge what he would, never came to a hitch,
A fence or a Frenchman, it matter'd not which.

XII.

Let Cornwall declare, though a long abſentee,
With what pain and what grief he deſerted High Legh;
How he car'd not to prance on the Corſo at Rome,
While ſuch ſport Winterbottom afforded at home.

XIII.

The rules of hard riding let Tollemache impart,
How to lean o'er the pommel and daſh at a ſtart;
Emerging at once from a crowd in ſuſpenſe,
How in ſafety he rides who is firſt at the fence.

XIV.

How with caution 'tis pleaſanter far to advance
Let them learn from De Tabley, Tom Tatton and France;
Who void of ambition ſtill follow the chace,
Nor think that all ſport is dependent on pace.

XV.

Twin managers! tell them, Smith Barry from Cork,
And Dixon, who ſtudied the ſcience in York,
Though we boaſt but one neck to our Tarporley Swan,
Two heads in the kennel are better than one.

XVI.

Let Entwiſtle, Blackburne, and Trafford diſown
Thoſe Lancaſhire flats, where the ſport was unknown;

Releas'd from St. Stephen's let Patten declare
How fox-hunting ſolac'd a ſenator's care.

XVII.

Let the bones of the ſteed which Sir Philip be-
ſtrode
'Mid the foſſils at Oulton be carefully ſtow'd ;
For the animal ſoon, whether hunter or war-horſe,
Will be rare in the land as an Ichthyoſaurus.

XVIII.

Still diſtant the day, yet in ages to come,
When the gorſe is uprooted, the fox-hound is
dumb,
May verſe make immortal the deeds of the field,
And the ſhape of each ſteed be on canvas reveal'd.

XIX.

Let the pencil be dipt in the hues of the chace,
Contentment and health be pourtray'd in each
face ;
Let the foreground diſplay the ſelect of the pack,
And Cheſter's green vale be outſtretch'd in the
back !

XX.

When the time-honour'd race of our gentry ſhall
end,
The poor no protector, the farmer no friend,

They ſhall here view the face of the old Tatton Squire,
And regret the paſt ſport that once gladden'd our Shire.

The Breeches.

I.

WHEN I mention the "Breeches," I feel no remorſe,
For the ladies all know 'tis an evergreen gorſe;
They are not of leather, they are not of pluſh,
But expreſſly cut out for Joe maiden to bruſh.

II.

Good luck to the 'prentice by whom they were made!
His ſhears were a ploughſhare, his needle a ſpade;
May each landlord a pair to this pattern beſpeak,
The Breeches that laſted us three days a week.

III.

The fox is away and Squire Royds made it known,
Setting ſtraightway to work at a pace of his own;
Paſt him ſped Tollemache, as inſtant in flight
As a ſtar when it ſhoots through the azure of night.

IV.

They who witneſs'd the pack as it ſkirted the Spa,
By the head they then carried a ſtruggle foreſaw;
At their heels a white horſe with his head in the air,
But his bridle was looſe, and his ſaddle was bare.

V.

May Peel (near the Breeches at ſtarting o'er-thrown,
Where he left the impreſſion in mud of his own;)
When next he thinks fit this white horſe to be-ſtraddle,
See leſs of the Breeches and more of the ſaddle.

VI.

From Spurſtow we pointed towards Bunbury Church,
Some rounding that cover were left in the lurch;
By Hurleſton we hurried, nor e'er tighten'd rein,
Till check'd for one moment in Baddiley lane.

VII.

When we paſs'd the old gorſe and the meadows beneath,
When, acroſs the canal, we approach'd Aſton Heath,

There were riders who took to the water like rats,
There were ſteeds without horſemen, and men without hats.

VIII.

How many came down to the Edleſtone brook,
How many came down, not to leap—but to look;
The ſteeds that ſtood ſtill with a ſtitch in their ſide,
Will remember the day when the Breeches were tried.

IX.

The pack, preſſing onwards, ſtill merrily went,
Till at Dorfold they needed no longer a ſcent;
Man and maid ruſhing forth ſtood aloft on the wall,
And uprais'd a view hollo that ſhook the old hall.

X.

Too weak for the open, too hot for the drain,
He croſs'd and recroſs'd Ran'moor covers in vain;
When he reach'd the Bull's wood, he lay down in deſpair,
And we hollow'd whó-hoop, as they worried him there.

XI.

Puſs in boots is a fable to children well known,
The Dog in a doublet at Sandon is ſhown,
Henceforth when a landlord good liquor can boaſt,
Let the Fox and the Breeches be hung on his poſt.

XII.

From Vulpecide villains our foxes ſecure,
May theſe evergreen Breeches till doomſday endure!
Go! all ye good ſquires, if my ditty ſhould pleaſe,
Go clothe your bare acres in Breeches like theſe.
1841.

Inſcription on the Handle of a Fox's Bruſh, mounted and preſented by the Author to Wilbraham Tollemache, Eſq. Feb. 20, 1841.

WE found our fox at Brindley; thrice that week
The gorſe was drawn, and thrice with like ſucceſs.
For nigh two hours, o'er many a mile of graſs,
We chas'd him thence to Dorfold, where he died.
Tollemache! in admiration of thy ſkill'd
And gallant riding to the pack that day,
To thee I yield the Bruſh, eſteem not thou
The trophy leſs thus proffer'd by a friend.

The Sawyer.

THE imaginary cataſtrophe, which is the ſubject of the following lines, originated in the warning given by one of our party to the Factor at Abergeldie, that, if he perſiſted in felling timber during the term of our leaſe, he muſt hold himſelf reſponſible ſhould any one "ſhoot a Sawyer."

I.

NOW Abergeldie gillies, as they range our foreſt-ground,
See ſawing here, ſee ſawing there, ſee ſawpits all around;
In fear and dread, as on they tread no whiſky dare they touch,
No! not a drop, leſt, neck and crop, they take a drop too much.

II.

"Aim ſtraight to-day, my comrades, 'twill be truly a dear hit
If, ſhooting deer in the foreſt here, manſlaughter you commit;
If feller, fell'd, ſhould in the act of ſtriking be down ſtruck,
Or Sawyer kick the bucket here, miſtaken for a Buck."

III.

Vain words! forth came a bounding ſtag, his antler'd head on high,
And, caring not a whiſtle for the balls that whiſtled by,
Away, alive and kicking, to the diſtant mountain ſped;—
Though de'il a bit the deer was hit, the deal-cutter was dead.

IV.

His ſkull was crack'd, his only wage that day was half-a-crown,
He was cutting up a billet when the bullet cut him down;
Many thouſand feet of timber had that Sawyer rent in twain,
Now himſelf was ſplit aſunder, very much againſt the grain.

V.

We needed not the Sexton with his pickaxe and his ſpade
In the ſawpit which himſelf had dug his grave was ready made;
Top Sawyer though he had been, to the bottom he was thruſt,
And we binn'd him like a bottle of old Sherry in ſawduſt.

VI.

Full many a railway ſleeper had he made ſince
peep of day,
Ere night himſelf a ſleeper in his narrow bed he
lay;
No tear-drop unavailingly we ſhed upon the
ſpot,
But we ſprinkled him with whiſky to preſerve
him from dry rot.

VII.

Oh no! we never mention him, that ſhot we
never own,
We book'd him in the game book as an "animal
unknown!"
We know not how the wife and bairns without
his board ſubſiſt,
We only know we hit him, and he has not
ſince been miſs'd.

1844.

Song, written for and ſung by

I. H. SMITH BARRY, ESQ.

OWNER OF THE "COLUMBINE" YACHT, WHEN PRESIDENT OF THE TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING, 1845.

I.

NOW riding ſafe at anchor, idly floats the "Columbine,"
And the perils of the ocean in November I reſign;
With other meſſmates round me, merry comrades every one,
To-night I take command, boys, of the gallant ſhip, the "Swan."

Chorus.

Then up, boys! up for action, with a hearty three times three,
What tars are half ſo jolly as the tars of Tarporley?

II.

'Tis true, though ſtrange, this gallant ſhip in water cannot ſwim,
A ſea of roſy wine, boys, is the ſea ſhe loves to ſkim;
The billows of that red ſea are in bumpers toſs'd about,
Our ſpirits riſing higher as the tide is running out!

Chorus.

III.

Still ſwinging at her moorings, with a cable round her neck,
Though long as ſummer laſteth all deſerted is her deck,
She ſcuds before the breezes of November faſt and free,
O! ne'er may ſhe be ſtranded in the ſtraits of Tarporley.

Chorus.

IV.

By adverſe gale or hurricane her ſails are never rent,
Her canvas ſwells with laughter, and her freight is merriment;
The lightning on her deck, boys, is the lightning flaſh of wit,
Loud cheers in thunder rolling till her very timbers ſplit!

Chorus.

V.

We need not Archimedes with his ſcrew on board the Swan,
The ſcrew that draws the cork, boys, is the ſcrew that drives us on,
And ſhould we be becalm'd, boys, while giving chaſe to care,

When the brimming bowl is heated we have ſteam in plenty there.

Chorus.

VI.

No rocks have we to ſplit on, no foes have we to fight,
No dangers to alarm us, while we keep the reckoning right;
We fling the gold about, boys, though we never heave the lead,
And long as we can raiſe the wind our courſe is ſtraight a-head.

Chorus.

VII.

The index of our compaſs is the bottle that we trowl,
To the chair again revolving like the needle to the pole;
The motto on our glaſſes is to us a fixed ſtar,
We know while we can ſee it, boys, exactly where we are.

Chorus.

VIII.

To their ſweethearts let our bachelors a ſparkling bumper fill,
To their wives let thoſe who have 'em fill a fuller bumper ſtill;

O! never while we've health, boys, may we
quit this gallant ſhip,
But every year, together here, enjoy this pleaſure
trip.

Chorus.

IX.

Behind me ſtands my anceſtor, Sir Peter ſtands
before,
Two pilots who have weather'd many a ſtormy
night of yore;
So may our ſons and grandſons, when we are
dead and gone,
Spend many a merry night, boys, in the cabin of
the Swan.

Chorus.

Then up, boys! up for action, with a hearty
three times three,
What tars are half ſo jolly as the tars of
Tarporley?

1845.

Tarwood.

A RUN WITH THE HEYTHROP.

HE waited not—he was not found—
No warning note from eager hound,
But echo of the diſtant horn,

From outſkirts of the covert borne,
Where Jack the Whip in ambuſh lay,
Proclaim'd that he was gone away.

Away! ere yet that blaſt was blown,
The fox had o'er the meadow flown;
Away! away! his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Windruſh brook!

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
Stood tiptoe on his loaded ſack,
He view'd the fox acroſs the flat,
And, needleſs ſignal, wav'd his hat;
He ſaw him clear with eaſy ſtride
The ſtream by which the mill was plied;
Like phantom fox he ſeem'd to fly,
With ſpeed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town,
He travell'd neither up nor down;
But ſtraight away, like arrow ſped
From cloth-yard bow, he ſhot a-head.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he paſt,
Now Ducklington behind him caſt,
Now by Bampton, now by Lew,
Now by Clanfield, on he flew;
At Grafton now his courſe inclin'd,
And Kelmſcote now is left behind!

Where waters of the Iſis lave
The meadows with its claſſic wave,
O'er thoſe meadows ſpeeding on,
He near'd the bridgeway of St. John;
He pauſed a moment on the bank,
His footſteps in the ripple ſand,
He felt how cold, he ſaw how ſtrong
The rapid river roll'd along;
Then turn'd away, as if to ſay,
"All thoſe who like to croſs it may."

The Huntſman, though he view'd him back,
View'd him too late to turn the pack,
Which o'er the tainted meadow preſt,
And reach'd the river all abreaſt;
In with one plunge, one billowy ſplaſh,
In—altogether—in they daſh,
Together ſtem the wintry tide,
Then ſhake themſelves on t'other ſide!
"Hark, hollo back!" that loud halloo
Then eager, and more eager grew,
Till every hound, recroſſing o'er,
Stoop'd forward to the ſcent once more;
Nor further aid, throughout the day,
From Huntſman or from Whip had they.

Away! away! uncheck'd in pace,
O'er graſs and fallow ſwept the chace;
To hounds, to horſes, or to men,

No child's play was the ſtruggle then;
A treſpaſſer on Milward's ground,
He climb'd the pale that fenc'd it round;
Then cloſe by Little Hemel ſped,
To Fairford pointing ſtraight a-head,
Though now, the pack approaching nigh,
He heard his death-note in the cry.
They view'd him, and then ſeem'd their race
The very lightning of the chace!
The fox had reach'd the Southropp lane,
He ſtrove to croſs it, but in vain,
The pack roll'd o'er him in his ſtride,
And onward ſtruggling ſtill—he died.

This gallant fox, in Tarwood found,
Had croſs'd full twenty miles of ground;
Had ſought in cover, left or right,
No ſhelter to conceal his flight;
But nigh two hours the open kept,
As ſtout a fox as ever ſtept!
That morning, in the ſaddle ſet,
A hundred men at Tarwood met;
The eager ſteeds which they beſtrode
Pac'd to and fro the Witney road,
For hard as iron ſhoe that trod
Its ſurface, the unyielding ſod;
Till midday ſun had thaw'd the ground
And made it fit for foot of hound,

They champ'd the bit and twitch'd the rein,
And paw'd the frozen earth in vain,
Impatient with fleet hoof to ſcour
The vale, each minute ſeem'd an hour;
Still Rumour ſays of that array
Scarce ten liv'd fairly through the day.

Ah! how ſhall I in ſong declare
The riders who were foremoſt there?
A fit excuſe how ſhall I find
For every rider left behind?

Though Cokethorpe ſeem one open plain,
'Tis ſlaſh'd and ſluic'd with many a drain,
And he who clears thoſe ditches wide
Muſt needs a goodly ſteed beſtride.
From Bampton to the river's bounds
The race was run o'er paſture grounds;
Yet many a horſe of blood and bone
Was heard to croſs it with a groan;
For blackthorns ſtiff the fields divide
With watery ditch on either ſide.
By Lechlade's village fences riſe
Of every ſort and every ſize,
And frequent there the grievous fall
O'er ſlippery bank and crumbling wall;
Some planted deep in cornfield ſtand,
A fix'd incumbrance on the land!

While others prove o'er poſt and rail
The merits of the fliding ſcale.

Ah! much it grieves the Muſe to tell
At Clanfield how Valentia fell;
He went, they ſay, like one bewitch'd,
Till headlong from the ſaddle pitch'd;
There, reckleſs of the pain, he ſigh'd
To think he might not onward ride;
Though fallen from his pride of place,
His heart was following ſtill the chace;
He bade his many friends forbear
The proffer'd aid, nor tarry there;
"O! heed me not, but ride away!
The Tarwood fox muſt die to-day!"

Nor fell Valentia there alone,
There too in mid career was thrown
The Huntſman—in the breaſtplate ſwung
His heels—his body earthward hung;
With many a tug at neck and mane,
Struggling he reach'd his ſeat again;
Once more upon the back of Spangle,
His head and heels at proper angle,
(Poor Spangle in a piteous plight,)
He look'd around him, bolt upright,
Nor near nor far could ſuccour ſee,—
Where can the faithleſs Juliet be?
He would have given half his wage

Juſt then to ſee her on the ſtage;
The pack thoſe meads by Iſis bound
Had reach'd ere Jem his Juliet found;
Well thence with ſuch a prompter's aid,
Till Reynard's death her part ſhe play'd.

There Iſaac from the chace withdrew,
(A horſe is Iſaac, not a Jew,)
Outſtretch'd his legs, and ſhook his back,
Right glad to be reliev'd of Jack;
And Jack, right glad his back to quit,
Gave Beatrice a benefit.

Moiſture and mud the "Fungus" ſuit,
In boggy ditch he, taking root,
For minutes ten or thereabout,
Stood planted, till they pluck'd him out.
By application of ſpur rowel
Charles rubb'd him dry without a towel.

Say, as the pack by Kelmſcote ſped,
Say who thoſe horſemen cloth'd in red?
Spectators of the chace below,
Themſelves no ſign of movement ſhow;
No wonder—they were all aghaſt
To ſee the pace at which it paſt;
The "White Horſe Vale"—well known to Fame
The pack to which it gives a name;

And there they ſtood as if ſpell bound,
Their morning fox as yet unfound;
Borne from that wood, their huntſman's cheer
Drew many a Tarwood ſtraggler near,
And he who felt the pace too hot,
There gladly ſought a reſting ſpot;
Himſelf of that White Horſe availing,
When conſcious that his own was failing.

Thus ſhips, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance ſome tranquil port they ſpy,
Where veſſels ſafely ſhelter'd lie,
There ſeek a refuge from the gale,
Caſt anchor, and let down the ſail.

The ſpeed of horſe, the pluck of man,
They needed both, who led the van;
This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremoſt in the fray;
And Holloway, with beſt intent,
Still ſhivering timber as he went;
And Williams, clinging to the pack
As if the League were at his back;
And Tollit, ready ſtill to ſell
The nag that carried him ſo well.

A pretty ſight at firſt to ſee
Young Pretyman on Modeſty!

But Pretyman went on ſo faſt,
That Modeſty took fright at laſt;
So bent was ſhe to ſhun diſgrace,
That in the brook ſhe hid her face;
So baſhful, that to drag her out
They fetch'd a team and tackle ſtout.

When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future ſport relate,
Let Whippy ſhow the bruſh he won,
And tell them of the Tarwood run;
While Rival's portrait, on the wall,
Shall oft to memory recall
The gallant fox, the burning ſcent,
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went;
How *Whimſey* led the pack at firſt,
When Reynard from the woodſide burſt;
How *Pamela*, a puppy hound,
Firſt ſeiz'd him, ſtruggling on the ground;
How *Prudence* ſhunn'd the taint of hare,
Taught young in life to have a care;
How *Alderman*, a foxhound ſtaunch,
Worked well upon an empty paunch;
How Squires were, following thee, upſet,
Right honourable *Baronet;*
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,
Where cloſe and thick the fences grew,
Three Bitches led the tuneful throng,

All worthy of a place in ſong;
Old *Fairplay*, ne'er at ſkirting caught,
And *Penſive* ſpeeding quick as thought;
While *Handſome* prov'd the adage true,
They handſome are that handſome do!

Then long may courteous Redeſdale live!
And oft his pack ſuch gallops give!
Should fox again ſo ſtoutly run,
May I be there and ſee the fun!
1845.

A "Meet" at the Hall, and a "Find" in the Wood.

I.

THE wind in the ſouth, and the firſt faint bluſhes
Of morn amid clouds diſpers'd,
As a ſtream in its ſtrength through a floodgate ruſhes,
The hounds from their kennel burſt.

II.

The huntſman is up on his favourite bay,
The whips are all aſtride,
Leiſurely trotting their onward way
To the diſtant cover ſide.

III.

Sweetly the blackbird, and ſweetly the thruſh,
Greeting them, ſeem to ſay,
In the chorus that rings from each hawthorn buſh,
"Good ſport to the pack to-day."

IV.

Lads from the village now after them race,
Aſking with eager ſhout,
And ruddy with joy at the thoughts of a chace,
"Where do the hounds turn out?"

V.

Now maſking the ſlope with its duſky ſcreen,
A wood in front appears,
And a Hall high-gabled the glittering ſheen
Of its vane-deck'd turret rears.

VI.

The chimney-ſhafts, wreathed with ſmoke, betoken
Full many a gueſt within,
While words of welcome in honeſty ſpoken
The heart of each ſtranger win.

VII.

A white hand unlatches her caſement bar;
A murmur of joy reſounds:

They're coming! they're coming! ſee, yonder they are!
They're coming! the hounds! the hounds!

VIII.

A cloud, ſo it ſeem'd, might have dropp'd from the ſky
When the ſun was in the weſt,
To clothe with a mantle of crimſon dye
The lawn by thoſe riders preſt.

IX.

Steadily, ſteadily, to and fro,
Old hunters pace the ground;
Heads high in air the young ones throw,
Pawing and plunging round.

X.

See! to unkennel a noiſier pack,
The ſchool-gate open flung,
By the deſk-weary pedant, whoſe heart leaps back
To the day when himſelf was young.

XI.

Dreſt in the pride of her Sunday array,
The huſwife ſtands aloof,
Timidly plucking her child away
From the lunge of uplifted hoof.

XII.

Curb'd for that hand which the caſement unbarr'd,
To the porch is a palfrey led,
The trim gravel court by the prancing ſcarr'd
Of his proud and impatient tread;

XIII.

A fair-hair'd youth to the portal flew,
And ſtood by her bridle-rein;
He lifts her light foot to the ſtirrup-ſhoe,
And they follow the hunting-train.

XIV.

His ſaddle-bow hung with a ſilver horn,
All eyes on the maſter gaze,
Lord of the hunting-field! monarch, this morn,
Of all that he ſurveys!

XV.

The Huntſman has drunk to the health of the Squire
From the depth of the leathern jack,
And lifting his cap, as the gentry admire
His well-condition'd pack,

XVI.

He ſpeeds, with ſure hope, to the cover hard by—
Streaking the greenwood now,
Red coats bright with the berries vie
That hang on the holly bough.

XVII.

Hark! from the cover a fox halloo'd;
The hounds to the open fly;
Horſes and men, as they craſh through the wood,
Made mad by the merry cry.

XVIII.

Fainter and fainter in diſtance died
The tumult of the chace;
Till ſilent as death was the green hill-ſide,
The Hall a deſerted place.

XIX.

I follow them not; the good fox they found
Sped many a mile away;
That run was the talk of the country round
For many an after day.

XX.

The bruſh by that youth who had ridden hard,
Brought home in the twilight hour,
A gift for the hand which the caſement unbarr'd,
Was hung in the maiden's bower.

Song.

I.

STAGS in the foreſt lie, hares in the valley-o!
Web-footed otters are ſpear'd in the lochs;
Beaſts of the chace that are not worth a Tally-ho!
All are ſurpaſs'd by the gorſe-cover fox!
Fiſhing, though pleaſant,
I ſing not at preſent,
Nor ſhooting the pheaſant,
Nor fighting of cocks;
Song ſhall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and deſpair away,
Hunting the fox!

II.

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to ſlaughter, nor
Dames, in high rapture, the ſpectacle ſhocks;
Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter, nor
Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.
Spain may delight in
A ſport ſo exciting;
Whilſt 'ſtead of bull-fighting
We fatten the ox;
Song ſhall declare a way, &c.

III.

England's green paſtures are graz'd in ſecurity,
Thanks to the Saxon who car'd for our flocks!
He who reſerving the ſport for futurity,
Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.
When joviality
Chaſes formality,
When hoſpitality
Cellars unlocks;
Song ſhall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and deſpair away,
Hunting the fox!

Sport in the Highlands.

WRITTEN AT TOLLY HOUSE IN ROSS-SHIRE.

1.

UP in the morning! the river runs merrily,
Clouds are above and the breezes blow cool,
Tie the choice fly now, and caſting it warily,
Fiſh the dark ripple that curls o'er the pool;

Steadily play with him,
On through the ſpray with him,
Gaff, and away with him
On to the ſhore!
Paſtime at Tolly now,
Oh! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy now
Haunts us no more!

II.

Up in the morning! young birds in full feather now,
Brood above brood on the mountain ſide lie;
Setters well broken are ranging the heather now,
Bird after bird taking wing but to die!
Home then to number
The grouſe that encumber
Our gillies, where ſlumber
To toil gives relief.
Paſtime at Tolly now,
Oh! it is jolly now,
No melancholy now,
Sorrow, or grief.

III.

Up! up! at peep-o-day, clad for a tuſſle now!—
Keen eyes have mark'd the wild hart on the hill;

Toil for the ſtalker!—wind, ſinew and muſcle, now
All will be needed, ere teſting his ſkill!
Gillies now frolicking,
Roaring and rollicking,
Hey! for a grollocking,—
Rip up the deer,
Paſtime at Tolly now,
Oh! it is jolly now,
No melancholy now
Haunteth us here.

IV.

Up! up! at peep-o-day; what may your pleaſure be?
Black-cock or ptarmigan, roebuck or hare?
Bright with delight let each moment of leiſure be,
Left in the lowlands, a fig for dull care!
Wood, ſtream, and heather now,
Yielding together now,
Sport for all weather now,—
Up in the morn!
Paſtime at Tolly now,
Oh! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy, now
Laugh her to ſcorn!

1845.

"*Importation of Vermin.*"

"A STEAM ſhip arrived yeſterday from Boulogne with a cage of live foxes, conſigned to order."—*Daily News*, Feb. 1ſt, 1848, at which time there was much talk of the poſſibility of a French invaſion.

I.

"IMPORTED Vermin:"—ſay, thou ſcribbler, when
Thoſe fiercer vermin on our coaſt alight,
Who bark with drumſtick and with bayonet bite,
As daily threat thy brethren of the pen;
When England ſummons her true-hearted men,
(Whether invader to the chace invite
With foes or foxes, putting both to flight,)
Say, of theſe twain which beſt will ſerve her then.

The joyous hunter, he who cheers the pack,
His fleet ſteed urging over vale and hill,
Who ſhuns no hardſhip and who knows no fear,

Or he, who bending o'er the deſk his back,
In gas-lit office drives the flippant quill,
And talks of "vermin imports" with a ſneer?

Bowmeeting Song.

ARLEY HALL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1851.

I.

THE tent is pitch'd, the target rear'd, the ground is meaſured out,
For the weak arm ſixty paces, and one hundred for the ſtout!
Come, gather ye together then, the youthful and the fair,
And poet's lay, to future day, the victor ſhall declare!

II.

Let buſy fingers lay aſide the needle and the thread,
To prick the golden canvas with a pointed arrow-head;
Ye ſportſmen quit the ſtubble, quit, ye fiſhermen, the ſtream,
Fame and glory ſtand before you, brilliant eyes around you beam.

III.

All honour to the long-bow which many a battle won,
Ere powder blaz'd and bullet flew, from arquebus or gun;

All honour to the long-bow, which merry men of yore,
With hound and horn at early morn, in greenwood foreſt bore.

IV.

O! famous is the archer's ſport, 'twas honour'd long ago,
The God of Love, the God of Wit, bore both of them a bow;
Love laughs to-day in beauty's eye and bluſhes on her cheek,
And wit is heard in every word, that merry archers ſpeak;

V.

The archer's heart, though, like his bow, a tough and ſturdy thing,
Is pliant ſtill and yielding, when affection pulls the ſtring;
All his words and all his actions are like arrows, pointed well
To hit that golden centre, where true love and friendſhip dwell.

VI.

They tell us in that outline which the lips of beauty ſhow,
How Cupid found a model for his heart-ſubduing bow;

The arrows in his quiver are the glances from her eye,
A feather from love's wing it is, that makes the arrow fly!

Farmer Dobbin.

A DAY WI' THE CHESHUR FOX DUGS.

I.

"OULD mon, it's welly milkin toim, where ever 'aſt 'ee bin?
Thear's ſlutch upo' thoi coat, oi ſee, and blood upo' thoi chin;"
"Oiv bin to ſee the gentlefolk o' Cheſhur roid a run;
Owd wench! oiv been a hunting, an oiv ſeen ſome rattling fun.

II.

"Th' owd mare was i' the ſmithy when the huntſman, he trots through,
Black Bill agate o' ammering the laſt nail in her ſhoe;
The cuvver laid ſo wheam loik, an ſo jovial foin the day,
Says I, 'Owd mare, we'll tak a fling and ſee 'em go away.'

III.

"When up, an oi'd got ſhut ov aw the hackney
pads an traps,
Orſe dealers an orſe jockey lads, and ſuch loik
ſwaggering chaps,
Then what a power o' gentlefolk did I ſet oies
upon!
A reining in their hunters, aw blood orſes every
one!

IV.

"They'd aw got bookſkin leathers on, a fitten
'em ſo toight,
As roind an plump as turmits be, an juſt about
as whoit;
Their ſpurs wor maid o' ſiller, and their buttons
maid o' braſs,
Their coats wor red as carrots an their collurs
green as graſs.

V.

"A varment looking gemman on a woiry tit I
ſeed,
An another cloſe beſoid him, ſitting noble on his
ſteed;
They ca' them both owd codgers, but as freſh as
paint they look,
John Glegg, Eſquoir, o' Withington, an bowd
Sir Richard Brooke.

VI.

"I ſeed Squoir Geffrey Shakerley, the beſt un o' that breed,
His ſmoiling feace tould plainly how the ſport wi' him agreed;
I ſeed the 'Arl ov Groſvenor, a loikly lad to roid,
I ſeed a ſoight worth aw the reſt, his farencly young broid.

VII.

"Zur Umferry de Trafford an the Squoir ov Arley Haw,
His pocket full o' rigmarole, a rhoiming on 'em aw;
Two Members for the Cointy, both aloik ca'd Egerton;—
Squoir Henry Brooks and Tummus Brooks, they'd aw green collurs on.

VIII.

"Eh! what a mon be Dixon John, ov Aſtle Haw, Eſquoir,
You wudna foind, and meaſure him, his marrow in the ſhoir;
Squoir Wilbraham o' the Foreſt, death and danger he defoies,
When his coat be toightly button'd up, and ſhut be both his oies.

IX.

"The Honerable Lazzles, who from forrin parts be cum,
An a chip of owd Lord Delamere, the Honerable Tum;
Squoir Fox an Booth an Worthington, Squoir Maſſey an Squoir Harne,
An many more big ſportſmen, but their neames I didna larn.

X.

"I ſeed that great commander in the ſaddle, Captain Whoit,
An the pack as thrung'd about him was indeed a gradely ſoight;
The dugs look'd foin as ſatin, an himſel look'd hard as nails,
An he giv the ſwells a caution not to roid upo' their tails.

XI.

"Says he, 'Young men o' Moncheſter an Livverpoo, cum near,
Oiv juſt a word, a warning word, to whiſper in your ear,
When, ſtarting from the cuvver ſoid, ye ſee bowd Reynard burſt,
We canna 'ave no 'unting if the gemmen go it firſt.'

XII.

"Tom Rance has got a ſingle oie, wurth many another's two,
He held his cap abuv his yed to ſhow he'd had a view;
Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's when he ſkroik'd out 'Tally-ho!'
For when the fox had ſeen Tom's feace he thoght it toim to go.

XIII.

"Ey moy! a pratty jingle then went ringin through the ſkoy,
Furſt Victory, then Villager begun the merry croy,
Then every maith was open from the oud'un to the pup,
An aw the pack together took the ſwellin chorus up.

XIV.

"Eh moy! a pratty ſkouver then was kick'd up in the vale,
They ſkim'd acroſs the running brook, they topp'd the poſt an rail,
They didna ſtop for razzur cop, but play'd at touch an go,
An them as miſs'd a footin there lay doubled up below.

XV.

"I ſeed the 'ounds a croſſing Farmer Flareup's
boundary loin,
Whoſe daughter plays the peany an drinks whoit
ſherry woin,
Gowd rings upon her finger and ſilk ſtockings on
her feet;
Says I, 'it won't do him no harm to roid acroſs
his wheat.'

XVI.

"So, toightly houdin on by'th yed, I hits th'owd
mare a whop,
Hoo plumps into the middle o' the wheatfield neck
an crop;
And when hoo floinder'd out on it I catch'd another
ſpin,
An, miſſis, that's the cagion o' the blood upo' my
chin.

XVII.

"I never oſs'd another lep, but kep the lane, an
then
In twenty minutes' toim about they turn'd toart
me agen;
The fox was foinly daggled, an the tits aw out
o' breath,
When they kilt him in the open, an owd Dobbin
ſeed the death.

XVIII.

"Loik dangling of a babby, then the Huntſman hove him up,
The dugs a bayin roind him, while the gemman croid, 'Whoo-hup!'
As doeſome cawves lick fleetings out o' th' piggin in the ſhed,
They worried every inch of him, aw but his tail an yed.

XIX.

"Now, miſſis, ſin the markets be a doing moderate well,
Oiv welly maid my moind up juſt to buoy a nag myſel;
For to keep a farmer's ſpirits up 'gen things be gettin low,
Theer's nothin loik Fox-huntin and a rattling Tally-ho!"

1853.

The Blooming Evergreen.

I.

ERE the adventurers, nicknamed Plantagenet,
Buckled the helm on, their foes to diſmay,
They pluck'd a broom-ſprig which they wore as a badge in it,
Meaning thereby they would ſweep them away.

Long the geniſta ſhall flouriſh in ſtory,
Green as the laurels their chivalry won;
As the broom-ſprig excited thoſe heroes to glory,
May the gorſe-plant encourage our foxes to run.

II.

Held by Diana in due eſtimation,
Bedeck with a gorſe-flower the goddeſs's ſhrine;
Throughout the wide range of this blooming creation,
It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
Pluck me then, Bacchus, a cluſter and, ſqueezing it,
Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows;
Then in the joy of my heart, will I, ſeizing it,
Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

Cheſhire Jumpers.

I.

I ASK'D in much amazement, as I took my morning ride,
"What means this monſter meeting, that collects at Highwayſide?
Who are ye? and what ſtrange event this gathering crowd excites?
Are ye ſcarlet men of Babylon, or mounted Mormonites?"

II.

A bearded man on horſeback anſwered blandly with a ſmile,—
"Good Sir, no Canters are we, though we canter many a mile;
Nor will you find a Ranter here amongſt our merry crew,
Though if you ſeek a Roarer, there may chance be one or two.

III.

"With Shakers and with Quakers no connection Sir, have we;
We are not Plymouth Brothers, Cheſhire Jumpers though we be;
'Tis mine between two champions bold to judge, if judge I can,
And ſettle which, o'er hedge and ditch, will prove the better man.

IV.

"Mark well theſe two conditions, he who falls upon the field,
Or he whoſe horſe refuſes twice, the victory muſt yield."
As thus he ſpake he ſtrok'd his beard, and bade the champions go;
His beard was black as charcoal, but their faces white as ſnow.

V.

The ladies wave their kerchiefs as the rival
jumpers ſtart,
A ſmile of ſuch encouragement might nerve the
fainteſt heart;
The crowd that follow'd after with good wiſhes
cheer'd them on,
Some cried, "Stick to it, Thomas;" others
ſhouted, "Go it, John!"

VI.

Awake to competition, and alive to any game,
From Mancheſter and Liverpool the ſpeculators
came;
They calculated nicely every chance of loſs or
gain;
Some ſtak'd their caſh on cotton, ſome preferr'd
the ſugar-cane.

VII.

Bold Thomas took precedence, as a proper man
to lead,
And ſtraightway at a hedgerow cop he drove his
gallant ſteed;
He's off—he's on—he's over—is bold Thomas in
his ſeat?
Yes, the rider's in his ſaddle, and the horſe is on
his feet!

VIII.

Make way for John! the Leiceſter Don! John clear'd it far and wide,
And ſcornfully he ſmil'd on it when landed t'other ſide;
The prelude thus accompliſh'd without loſs of life or limb,
John's backers, much embolden'd, offer two to one on him.

IX.

Now John led off; the choice again was fix'd upon a cop,
A rotten ditch in front of it, a rail upon the top;
While ſhouts of "Bono Johnny!" to the echoing hills were ſent,
He wink'd his eye, and at it, and right over it he went.

X.

Hold him lightly, Thomas, lightly, give him freedom ere he bound,
Why ſhape your courſe with ſo much force, to run yourſelf aground?
Thus againſt a Ruſſian rampart goes a Britiſh cannon ball:
Were Thomas at Sebaſtopol, how ſpeedily 'twould fall

XI.

Would you gain that proud pre-eminence on
which your rival ſtands,
Upraiſe your voice, uprouſe your horſe, but ſlacken
both your hands;
'Tis vain, 'tis vain, his ſteed again ſtands planted
in the ditch,
The game is o'er, he tries no more, who makes a
ſecond hitch.

XII.

Thus, unlike the wars of Lancaſter and York,
in days of yore,
The Cheſter ſtrife with Leiceſter unexpectedly
was o'er;
We elſe had learnt which method beſt inſures us
from a fall,
The Cheſter on-and-off ſtep, or the Leiceſter,
clearing all?

XIII.

Whether breeches white, or breeches brown, the
more adheſive be,
And which the more effective ſpur, Champagne
or Eau-de-vie?
Theſe, alas! and other problems which their pro-
greſs had reveal'd,
Remain unſettled queſtions for the future hunting
field.

XIV.

One leſſon learn, young ladies all, who came to
ſee the ſhow,
Remember, in the race of life, once only to ſay
"No;"
This moral, for your warning, to my ditty I
attach,
May ye ne'er by two refuſals altogether loſe a
match!

1854.

Tarporley Hunt Song.

I.

THE Eagle won Jupiter's favour,
The Sparrow to Venus was dear,
The Owl of Minerva, though graver,
We want not its gravity here;
The Swallow flies faſt, but remember
The Swallow with Summer is gone,
What bird is there left in November
To rival the Tarporley Swan?

II.

Though ſcarlet in colour our clothing,
Our collars though green in their hue,
The red cap of liberty loathing,
Each man is at heart a True Blue;

Through life 'tis our ſworn reſolution,
To ſtick to the pig-ſkin and throne;
We are all for a good conſtitution,
Each man taking care of his own.

III.

Though the Sailor, who rides on the ocean,
With cheers may encounter the foe;
Wind and ſteam, what are they to horſe motion?
Sea cheers, to a land Tally ho?
The canvas, the ſcrew, and the paddle
The ſpeed of a thorough-bred lack,
When faſt in the fox-hunting ſaddle,
We gallop aſtern of the pack.

IV.

Quæſitum, that ſtandard of merit,
Where each his true level may know,
Checks pride in the haughty of ſpirit,
Emboldens the timid and ſlow;
The liquor that ſparkles before us,
The dumb when they drink it can ſpeak,
While the deaf in the roar of our chorus
A cure for their malady ſeek.

V.

Forget not that other Red Jacket,
Turn'd up with green laurel and bay!
The tri-colour'd banners that back it!
The might of their mingled array!

Forget not the deeds that unite 'em
As comrades, though rivals in fame;
But fill to the brim that quæſitum
Which Friendſhip and Chivalry claim.
1855.

A Remonſtrance on Lord Stanley's Suggeſtion that the Seſſion of Parliament ſhould be held during the Winter Months.

JOY! when November bids our ſport begin,
When ringing echoes through the vale reſound,
When light of heart we to the ſaddle bound,
And health and pleaſure from the paſtime win.
Theſe muſt I barter for the Senate's din?
Forego the muſic of the tuneful hound
For midnight rant in adverſe clamour drown'd?
Lay by the whip to be myſelf whipp'd in?
Debaters! liſten, while the Chace propounds
Her precepts—words too many work delay;
Your babblers draft, as we our tonguey hounds;
Rate without mercy thoſe who riot run;
Let thoſe ſpeak only who have aught to ſay,
Speak to the point, and ſtop when they have done.
1855.

Highwayſide.

A FAVOURITE FIXTURE DURING THE CHESHIRE DIFFICULTY.

I.

RARE luck for the Cheſhire, warn'd out from the field,
That the Highway ſuch endleſs diverſion can yield;
That the Huntſman can ſtill with no covers to draw,
Blow his horn on the road without breaking the law.

II.

'Twixt highways and byeways ſtill ringing the change,
From gravel and ſand to McAdam they range;
When quite on the pavé their gallop reſtrain,
And a jogtrot enjoy down a hard Cheſhire lane.

III.

Steeds good in dirt, let the feather-weights urge
Slapdaſh through the mud that encumbers the verge,

Let heavy ones follow the track of the 'Bus,
Shouting, *Ibis in medio tutiſſimus.*

IV.

They may jump on and off o'er the broken ſtone heap,
In triangular fenders find timber to leap,
The towing path too may afford them a run
Juſt to keep the game going and vary the fun.

V.

No alarm the moſt timid old gentleman feels,
Babes may perambulate, hunting on wheels;
Dyſpepſy and gout the amuſement may ſhare,
So go it, ye cripples! and take a Bath chair.

VI.

The uſe of the mileſtone, now coaching is done,
Is to meaſure exactly the length of a run;
While each tap on the road they alternately try,
Till Tom ſees two double with only one eye.

VII.

With ſuch ſport has this mud-larking lately ſupplied 'em,
The Huntſman has call'd his crack horſe Rodum-Sidum,

Who dare ſay theſe hounds have had nothing to do,
Highwayſide for their fixture the whole ſeaſon through?
1856.

Count Warnoff.

I.

WHEN the war with our Muſcovite foemen was o'er,
Then the *Offs* and the *Koffs* came to viſit our ſhore;
Their hard and ſtern features your heart would appal,
But the face of Count Warnoff was ſterneſt of all;
A terrible man was Count Warnoff!
As cold as the ſnow
That envelopes Moſcow
Was the heart of this horrid Count Warnoff!

II.

Woe! woe! to the ſport of the fox-hunting Squire
When the Count ſet his foot in this peaceable ſhire!
So clean his own hands, his own morals ſo ſtrict,
A hole in each Redcoat he preſently pick'd;

Such a virtuous man was Count Warnoff;
Without ſpeck of dirt
You muſt ride with clean ſkirt
If the wrath you'd avert of Count Warnoff!

III.

The Count could not tolerate foible or folly,
He never made love, and he never got jolly;
He vow'd that fox-hunting he'd have at no price
Unleſs horſes and men were alike free from vice;
Such a virtuous man was Count Warnoff!
We muſt all be good boys
Or farewell to the joys
Of the chace, if we nettle Count Warnoff!

IV.

Low whiſper'd the huntſman (leſt miſchief befall him),
"I don't like the look of that Count What-d'ye-call him?"
Tom wink'd his blind eye as he lifted his cap,
"He's a rum 'un, ſir, ain't he, that Muſcovy chap?"
Such a terrible bugbear was Warnoff!
Not a bruſh, nor a pad
In the ſhire could be had,
Such a terrible bugbear was Warnoff!

v.

He lock'd all the gates and he wir'd all the gaps,
And the woods were all planted with ſpikes and
ſteel traps;
No more the earth-ſtoppers were dragg'd their
warm beds off,
The nags in the ſtable ſtood eating their heads
off;
Such a terrible man was Count Warnoff!
Little children grew pale
As their nurſe told the tale
Of this terrible ogre, Count Warnoff!

vi.

Cheer up, my good fellows, Count Warnoff is
gone!
Gone back to the banks of the Volga and Don;
He may warn us, and welcome, from off his own
ſnow,
From the land where no fox-hunter wiſhes to go;
But to bother our pack
May he never come back
To this peaceable county, Count Warnoff!

1857.

Le Gros-Veneur.

SUNG AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING, NOVEMBER, 1858.

I.

A MIGHTY great hunter in deed and in name
To our ſhire long ago with the Conqueror came;
A hunting he went with his bugle and bow,
And he ſhouted in Normandy-French "Tally-Ho!"
The man we now place at the head of our Chace
Can his pedigree trace from Le Gros-Veneur!

II.

'Tis a maxim by fox-hunters well underſtood,
That in horſes and hounds there is nothing like blood;
So the chief who the fame of our kennel maintains
Should be born with the pureſt of blood in his veins!
The man we now place at the head of our Chace
Can his pedigree trace from Le Gros-Veneur!

III.

Old and young with delight ſhall the Groſ-Veneur greet,
The field once again in good fellowſhip meet,

The ſhire with one voice ſhall re-echo our choice,
And again the old paſtime all Cheſhire rejoice!
May the ſport we enſure many ſeaſons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur!

IV.

Though no more, as of yore, a long-bow at his back,
Now a Gros-Veneur guides us and governs our pack;
Again let each earth-ſtopper riſe from his bed,
This year they ſhall all be well fee'd and well fed.
May the ſport we enſure many ſeaſons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur!

V.

Let Geoffrey with ſmiles and with ſhillings reſtore
Good humour when houſewives their poultry deplore,
Well pleas'd, for each gooſe on which Reynard has prey'd
To find in their pockets a golden egg laid!
May the ſport we enſure many ſeaſons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur!

VI.

Should our Chief with the toil of the ſenate grow pale,
The elixir of life is a ride o'er the vale;

There, of health, ſays the ſong, he ſhall gain a new
ſtock
"Till his pulſe beats the ſeconds as true as a
clock."
May the ſport we enſure many ſeaſons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur!

VII.

I defy Norman-dy now to ſend a Chaſſeur
Who can ride alongſide of our own Gros-Veneur!
And, couching my lance, I will challenge all
France
To outvie the bright eye of the LADY CONSTANCE!
Long, long, may ſhe grace with her preſence
our Chace,
The Bride and the Pride of Le Gros-Veneur!

The Keeper.

I.

RUFUS KNOX, his lordſhip's keeper, is a
formidable chap,
So at leaſt think all who liſten to his ſwagger at
the tap;
Ain't he up to poachers? ain't he down upon 'em
too?
This very night he'd face and fight a dozen of
the crew.

II.

With the Squire who hunts the country he is ever in diſgrace,
For "Vulpicide" is written in red letters on his face;
His oath that in one cover he a brace of foxes ſaw,
Is the never-failing prelude that foretokens a blank draw.

III.

The mouſing owl he ſpares not, flitting through the twilight dim,
The beak it wears, it is, he ſwears, too hook'd a one for him;
In every woodland ſongſter he ſuſpects a ſecret foe,
His ear no muſic toucheth, ſave the rooſting pheaſant's crow.

IV.

His ſtoppers and his beaters, for the battue day array'd,
Behold him in his glory at the head of the brigade;
That day on which a twelvemonth's toil triumphantly is crown'd,
That day to him the pivot upon which the year turns round.

V.

There is a ſpot where birds are ſhot by fifties as they fly,
If envious of that ſtation you muſt tip him on the ſly;
Conſpicuous on the ſlaughter card if foremoſt you would be,
That place like other places muſt be purchas'd with a fee.

A Railway Accident with the Cheſhire.

FEBRUARY 5TH, 1859.

I.

BY the ſide of Poole cover laſt Saturday ſtood
A hundred good horſes, both cocktail and blood;
Nor long ſtood they idle, three deep in array,
Ere Reynard by Edwards was hollo'd away.

II.

Away! over meadow, away! over plough,
Away! down the dingle, away! up the brow!
"If you like not that fence, ſir, get out of the way,
If one minute you loſe you may loſe the whole day."

III.

Away! through the evergreens,—laurel and box,
They may ſcreen a cock-robin but not a run fox;
As he paſs'd the henrooſt at the Rookery Hall,
"Excuſe me," ſaid pug, "I have no time to call."

IV.

The rail to our left and the river in front
Into two rival parties now ſever'd the hunt;
I will tell by-and-by which were right and which wrong,
Meanwhile let us follow the fox with our ſong.

V.

Away! to the Weaver, whoſe banks are ſoft ſand,
"Look out, boys, ahead, there's a horſe-bridge at hand."
One by one the frail plank we croſs'd cautiouſly o'er,
I had time juſt to count that we number'd a ſcore.

VI.

Though faſt fox and hounds, there were men, by my troth,
Whoſe ambition it was to go faſter than both;
If that grey in the ſkurry eſcap'd a diſaſter,
Little thanks the good animal ow'd to its maſter.

VII.

Now Hornby went craſhing through bullfinch and rail
With Brancker beſide him on Murray's rat tail;
Two green collars only were ſeen in this flight,
Squire Warburton one, and the other John White.

VIII.

Where was Maſſey, who found us the fox that we run?
Where Philip the father? where Philip the ſon?
Where was Groſvenor our Guide? where was bold Shrewſberie?
We had with us one *Earle,* how I wiſh we'd had three!

IX.

Where Talbot? where Lyon? though ſailing away
They were both ſadly out of their bearings that day;
Where Laſcelles, De Trafford, Brooke, Corbet and Court?
They muſt take return tickets if bent upon ſport.

X.

Sailors, railers and tailors! what can you now do?
If you hope to nick in, the next ſtation is Crewe;

Second-claſs well diſpers'd, it was only claſs firſt
Which, eſcaping the boiler, came in for the burſt!

XI.

Away! with red rowel, away! with ſlack rein
For twenty-five minutes to Wiſtaſton Lane,
Where a check gave relief both to rider and horſe,
Where again the ſplit field re-united its force.

XII.

From that point we turn'd back and continued our chace
To the gorſe where we found, but more ſober the pace;
Reynard, ſkirting Poole Hall, trying ſand-earth and drain,
Was at length by the pack, who deſerv'd him, o'erta'en.

XIII.

While they worry their fox a ſhort word I would ſay,
Of advice to thoſe riders who rode the wrong way,
Who were forc'd to put up with ſkim-milk for their fun,
For the ſkurry had ſkimm'd off the cream of the run:

XIV.

"As a coverſide hack you may prudently ſtick
"To the line of the rail, it is eaſy and quick;
"But when fox and faſt hounds on a ſkurry are bent,
"The line you ſhould ſtick to is that of the ſcent."

Tarporley Hunt Song.

1859.

I.

NAMES, honour'd of old, on our Club-book enroll'd,
It were ſhame ſhould their ſucceſſors ſlight 'em,
They who Horace could quote, and who firſt of all wrote
On our Tarporley glaſſes "Quæſitum;"
O, famous Quæſitum!
Famous in ſtory Quæſitum!
There has paſs'd very nigh a full century by
Since our fathers firſt fill'd a Quæſitum.

II.

Old Bacchus ſo jolly, who hates melancholy,
Our founders, how can he requite 'em?
From the land of the vine let the beſt of his wine
Be reſerv'd to o'erflow the Quæſitum;

O, famous Quæſitum!
Jolly Bacchus, fill up the Quæſitum!
Whether claret or port, it muſt be the beſt ſort,
If it fit be to fill a Quæſitum.

III.

The goblet, methinks, from which Jupiter drinks,
With thunder-cheer *ter repetitum*,
Since when Juno was gone he turn'd into the Swan,
Should be chang'd for a cryſtal Quæſitum;
O, famous Quæſitum!
Fit for Olympus, Quæſitum!
Cup-bearer Hebe, how happy would ſhe be
With nectar to fill a Quæſitum.

IV.

Thoſe who dar'd with rude eye at Diana to ſpy,
She unkennel'd her pack to affright 'em;
She who ſmiles with delight on our banquet to-night,
Bids us fill to the chace a Quæſitum;
Fill, fill the Quæſitum!
To the heart-ſtirring chace a Quæſitum;
She who ſheds her bright beam upon fountain and ſtream
With her ſmile ſhall make bright the Quæſitum.

v.

One bumper ſtill let all fox-hunters fill,
'Tis a toaſt that will fondly excite 'em,
Since the brave can alone claim the fair as their own,
Let us drink to our loves a Quæſitum;
Fill, fill the Quæſitum!
A glowing o'erflowing Quæſitum!
From Beauty's ſweet lip he who kiſſes would ſip,
With his own muſt firſt kiſs the Quæſitum.

vi.

Again ere I end, all who foxes befriend,
Let a bumper thrice honour'd delight 'em,
May the forward and faſt ſtill be up at the laſt,
Give the ſlow ones another Quæſitum;
Fill, fill the Quæſitum!
To good fellows all a Quæſitum!
Let him faſt be or ſlow, each ſhall prove ere we go,
An excuſe for another Quæſitum.

A "Burſt" in the Ball Week.

JANUARY 19, 1860.

I.

WE had danc'd the night through,
Till the candles burnt blue,
But were all in the ſaddle next morn;
Once again with Tom Rance,
In broad daylight to dance
To the muſic of hollo and horn.

II.

We were all giddy ſtill
With the waltz and quadrille,
When arous'd by the loud "Tallyho!"
I muſt tune my faſt rhyme
Up to double-quick time,
For the movement was *preſtiſſimo*.

III.

The fox by one hound
Near the Smoker was found—
As he wip'd that dog's noſe with his bruſh,
"I don't mean to die,"
Said bold Reynard, "not I;
Nor care I for Edwards one ruſh."

IV.

With a fox of ſuch pluck,
'Twas a piece of rare luck
That no ploughboy to turn him was near;
That no farmer was there
At the gem'men to ſwear,
No tailor to head his career.

V.

Some, to lead off the ball,
Get away firſt of all,
Some linger too long at *pouſſette;*
Down the middle ſome go,
In the deep ditch below,
Thrown out ere they *up again* get.

VI.

One, pitch'd from his ſeat,
Was compell'd, with wet feet,
His heels in the gutter to cool;
While his horſe, in full ſwing,
Danc'd a new Highland fling,
He himſelf ſtood and danc'd a *pas ſeul.*

VII.

"Tell me, Edwards," ſaid one,
When the ſkurry was done,
"How long were we running this rig?"

"To keep time, indeed, ſir,
I little take heed, ſir,
When dancing the Tallyho jig."

VIII.

But the time I can tell,
And the ſpot I know well,
Where the huntſman his fox overtook;
Twenty-five minutes good,
When he reach'd Arley Wood,
Where he died on the banks of the brook.

IX.

I could name the few firſt
Who went beſt in this burſt;
I could tell how the ſteady ones rac'd;
But ſince all were content
With the pace themſelves went,
What matters it where they were plac'd?

X.

If a live fox ſhould run,
As that dead one has done,
O'er this country again, by good chance,
May I have my fleet bay
For a partner that day,
And be juſt where I was in the dance.

Farmer Newſtyle and Farmer Oldſtyle.

I.

"GOOD day," ſaid Farmer Oldſtyle, taking
Newſtyle by the arm;
"I be cum to look aboit me, wilt 'ee ſhow me o'er
thy farm?"
Young Newſtyle took his wideawake, and lighted
a cigar,
And ſaid, "Won't I aſtoniſh you, old-faſhioned
as you are!

II.

"No doubt you have an aneroid? ere ſtarting,
you ſhall ſee
How truly mine prognoſticates what weather
there will be."
"I aint got no ſuch gimcrack, but I knows
there'll be a fluſh
When I ſees th' oud ram tak' ſhelter wi' his tail
agen a buſh."

III.

"Allow me, firſt, to ſhow you the analyſis I
keep,
And the compounds to explain of this experi-
mental heap,

Where hydrogen, and nitrogen, and oxygen
abound,
To haſten germination and to fertilize the
ground."

IV.

"A pratty ſoight o' larning you have pil'd up of
a ruck;
The only name it went by in my feyther's time
was muck;
I knows not how that tool you calls a *nollyſis* may
work;
I turns it, when it's rotten, pretty handy wi' a
fork."

V.

"A famous pen of Cotſwolds! Paſs your hand
along the back—
Fleeces fit for ſtuffing the Lord Chancellor's
woolſack!
For premiums e'en Inquiſitor would own theſe
wethers *are* fit;
If you want to purchaſe good 'uns you muſt go
to Mr. Garfit.

VI.

"Two bulls firſt-rate, of different breeds—the
judges all proteſt
Both are ſo ſuper-excellent, they know not which
is beſt;

Fair, could he ſee this Ayrſhire, would with jealouſy be ril'd,
That hairy one's a Welſhman, and was bred by Mr. Wild."

VII.

"Well, well, that little hairy bull he ſhanna be ſo bad;
But what be yonder beaſt I hear a bellowing like mad,
A ſnortin fire and ſmoke out?—be it ſome big Rooſian gun?
Or be it twenty bullocks ſquz together into one?"

VIII.

"My ſteam Factotum that, ſir, doing all I have to do—
My ploughman, and my reaper, and my jolly thraſher, too;
Steam's yet but in its infancy, no mortal man alive
Can tell to what perfection modern farming will arrive."

IX.

"Steam, as yet, is but an infant"———He had ſcarcely ſaid the word
When through the tottering farmſtead was a loud exploſion heard;

The engine dealing death around, deſtruction and diſmay ;
Though ſteam be but an infant, this indeed was no child's play.

X.

The women ſcream'd like blazes as the blazing hayrick burn'd,
The ſucking pigs were in a crack all into crackling turn'd ;
Grill'd chickens clog the hen-coop, roaſted ducklings choke the gutter,
And turkeys round the poultry-yard on devil'd pinions flutter.

XI.

Two feet deep in buttermilk the ſtoker's two feet lie,
The cook, before ſhe bakes it, finds a finger in the pie ;
The labourers for their loſt legs were looking round the farm,
They could not lend a hand becauſe they had not got an arm.

XII.

Oldſtyle, all ſoot from head to foot, look'd like a big black ſheep ;
Newſtyle was thrown upon his own experimental heap :

"That weather-glaſs," ſaid Oldſtyle, "canna be in proper fettle,
Or it might as well a tou'd us there was thunder in the kettle."

XIII.

"Steam is ſo expanſive." "Ay," ſaid Oldſtyle, "ſo I ſee;
So expenſive, as you call it, that it wunna do for me;
According to my notion, that's a beaſt that canna pay,
Who champs up for his morning feed a hundred ton o' hay."

XIV.

Then to himſelf, ſaid Oldſtyle, as he homewards quickly went,
"I'll tak' no farm where th' doctor's bill be heavier than the rent;
I've never in hot water been; ſteam ſhanna ſpeed *my* plough,
I would liefer thraſh my oats out by the ſweat of my own brow.

XV.

"I neether want to ſcald my pigs, nor toaſt my cheeſe, not I,
Afore the butcher ſticks 'em, or the factor comes to buy;

They ſhanna catch me here again to riſk my
limbs and loif;
I've nought at whoam to blow me up, except it
be my woif."

Home with the Hounds; or, the Huntſman's Lament.

I.

OVER-RIDDEN! over-ridden!
All along of that the check;
When the ditch that gemman ſlid in,
Don't I wiſh he'd broke his neck.
I to hunt my hounds am able,
Would the field but play me fair;
Mobb'd at Smithfield by the rabble,
Who a fox could follow there?

II.

Let the tinker ride his kettle,
Let the tailor ride his gooſe,
How can hounds to hunting ſettle
With the like o' them let looſe?
What's the uſe on't when he ſcrambles
Through a run that butchers tit?
Butcher'd foxhounds for the ſhambles
They be neither fat nor fit.

III.

What's the uſe o' jockies thumping
Wi' their 'andwhips bits of blood?
Tits by inſtinct ſhy of jumping,
For they could not if they would;
Though the ſnob, who cannot guide her,
Mounts the mare as draws his trap;
'Taint the red coat makes the rider,
Leathers, boots, nor yet the cap.

IV.

They who come their coats to ſhow, they
Better were at home in bed;
What of hounds and hunting know they?
Nothing elſe but "go ahead;"
At the Kennel I could train 'em,
If they would but come to ſchool,
Two and two in couples chain 'em,
Feed on meal, and keep 'em cool.

V.

Gemmen, gemmen, ſhame upon 'em,
Plague my heart out worſe than all,
Worſe than Bowdon mobs at Dunham,
Worſe than cobblers at Poole Hall;
Spurring at a fence their clippers,
When the hounds are in the rear!
Reg'lar gemmen! ſelf and whippers
Tipping reg'lar once a year!

VI.

Well! ſoft ſolder next I'll try on,
Rating only riles a ſwell;
Miſter Brancker! Miſter Lyon!
Miſter Hornby!—hope you're well;
'Taint the pack that I'm afraid on,
And I likes to ſee you firſt,
But when ſo much ſteam be laid on
Beant you fear'd the copper'll burſt?

VII.

Rantipole, I ſee'd him ſprawling
Underneath a horſe's hoof;
Prudence only heerd me calling
Juſt in time to keep aloof;
Vulcan lam'd for life! Old *Victor*
Ne'er again will he ſhow fight;
Venus, ſin that gelding kick'd her,
Aint he ſpoilt her beauty quite?

VIII.

Gentlemen, unto my thinking,
Should behave themſelves as ſich;
'Tik'lar when the ſcent is ſinking,
And the hounds are at a hitch;
How my temper can I maſter,
Fretted till I fume and foam?
I can only backwards caſt, or
Blow my horn and take 'em home.

On hearing that "The Cheſhire" were to hunt Five Days a Week.

"THERE'S luck in odd numbers," ſays Rory O'More,
"Five days," ſays ſquire Corbet, "good ſport will enſure;"
So, *All-fours* out of faſhion, the game is now *Fives*,
But who cares what they call it while Fox-hunting thrives?

We are all of us Tailors in Turn.

I.

I WILL ſing you a ſong of a fox-hunting bout,
They ſhall tell their own tale who to-day were thrown out;
For the faſteſt as well as the ſloweſt of men,
Snobs or top-ſawyers, alike now and then,
We are all of us tailors in turn.

II.

Says one, "From the cover I ne'er got away,
Old Quidnunc ſat quoting *The Times* on his Grey,
How Lord Derby was wrong, and Lord Aberdeen right,
And the hounds, ere he finiſh'd were clean out of ſight."
We are all of us tailors in turn.

III.

Says one, "When we ſtarted o'er fallow and graſs,
I was cloſe at the tail of the hounds, but, alas!
We came down to a drain in that black-bottom'd fen,
O had I but been on my brook-jumper, then!"—
We are all of us tailors in turn.

IV.

"Diſmounting," ſays one, "at a gate that was faſt,
The crowd, puſhing through, knock'd me down as it paſs'd;
My horſe ſeized the moment to take his own fling,
Who'll again do, out hunting, a good-natured thing!"
We are all of us tailors in turn.

V.

"Down the lane went I merrily ſailing along,
Till I found," ſays another, "my courſe was all wrong;
I thought that his line toward the breeding-earth lay,
But he went, I've heard ſince, juſt the oppoſite way."
We are all of us tailors in turn.

VI.

From the wine-cup o'er night ſome were ſorry and ſick,
Some ſkirted, ſome cran'd, and ſome rode for a nick;
Like whales, in the water, ſome flounder'd about,
Thrown off and thrown in, they were alſo thrown out.
We are all of us tailors in turn.

VII.

"You will find in the field a whole ton of loſt ſhoes."—
A credulous blackſmith, believing the news,
Thought his fortune were made if he walk'd o'er the ground;—
He loſt a day's work, but he ne'er a ſhoe found!
We are all of us tailors in turn.

VIII.

What deeds would one hero have done on his Grey,
Who was nowhere at all on his Cheſtnut to-day!
All join in the laugh when a braggart is beat,
And that jeſt is lov'd beſt which is aim'd at conceit.
We are all of us tailors in turn.

IX.

Good fellows there are, unpretending and ſlow,
Who can ne'er be thrown out, for they ne'er
mean to go;
But, when the run's over, theſe oftentimes tell
The ſtory far better than they who went well.
We are all of us tailors in turn.

X.

How trifling a cauſe will oft loſe us a run!
From the find to the finiſh how few ſee the fun!
A miſchance, it is call'd, when we come to a
halt;
I ne'er heard of one who confeſs'd it a fault,
Yet we're all of us tailors in turn.

A Word ere we Start.

I.

BOYS, to the hunting field! though 'tis No-
vember,
The wind's in the ſouth;—but a word ere we
ſtart.—
Though keenly excited, I bid you remember
That hunting's a ſcience, and riding an art.

II.

The order of march and the due regulation
That guide us in warfare, we need in the chace—
Huntſman and Whip, each his own proper ſtation,
Horſe, hound and fox, each his own proper place.

III.

The fox takes precedence of all from the cover;
The horſe is an animal purpoſely bred
After the pack to be ridden, not *over*—
Good hounds are not rear'd to be knock'd on the head.

IV.

Strong be your tackle, and carefully fitted,
Breaſt-plate and bridle, girth, ſtirrup, and chain;
You will need not two arms, if the mouth be well bitted,
One hand lightly us'd will ſuffice for the rein.

V.

Buckſkin's the only wear fit for the ſaddle;
Hats for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chace;
In tops of black leather let fiſhermen paddle,
The calves of a fox-hunter white ones incaſe.

VI.

If your horſe be well bred and in blooming condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight,
O, then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in your ſaddle and keep his head ſtraight!

VII.

Paſtime for princes!—prime ſport of our nation!
Strength in their ſinew and bloom on their cheek;
Health to the old, to the young recreation;
All for enjoyment the hunting-field ſeek.

VIII.

Eager and emulous only, not ſpiteful;—
Grudging no friend, though ourſelves he may beat;
Juſt enough danger to make ſport delightful!
Toil juſt ſufficient to make ſlumber ſweet!

Hard-riding Dick.

I.

FROM the cradle his name has been "Hard-riding Dick,"
Since the time when cock-horſe he beſtraddled a ſtick;

Since the time when, unbreech'd, without ſaddle or rein,
He kick'd the old donkey along the green lane.

II.

Dick, waſting no time o'er the claſſical page,
Spent his youth in the ſtable without any wage;
The life of poor Dick, when he enter'd his teens,
Was to ſleep in the hay-loft and breakfaſt on beans.

III.

Promoted at length, Dick's adventures began:—
A ſtripling on foot, but when mounted a man;
Capp'd, booted, and ſpurr'd, his young ſoul was on fire,
The day he was dubb'd "Second Whip" to the Squire.

IV.

See, how Dick, like a dart, ſhoots a-head of the pack!
How he ſtops, turns, and twiſts, rates, and rattles them back!
The laggard exciting, controlling the raſh,
He can comb down a hair with the point of his laſh.

V.

O! ſhow me that country which Dick cannot croſs—
Be it open or wood, be it upland or moſs,

Through the fog or the ſunſhine, the calm or the
ſquall,
By day-light or ſtar-light, or no light at all!

VI.

Like a ſwallow can Dick o'er the water-flood ſkim,
And Dick, like a duck, in the ſaddle can ſwim;
Up the ſteep mountain-ſide like a cat he can crawl,
He can ſqueeze like a mouſe through a hole in
the wall!

VII.

He can tame the wild young one, inſpirit the old,
The reſtive, the runaway, handle and hold;
Sharp ſteel or ſoft-ſolder, which e'er does the trick,
It makes little matter to Hard-riding Dick.

VIII.

Bid the chief from the Deſert bring hither his
mare,
To ride o'er the plain againſt Dick if he dare;
Bring Coſſack or Mexican, Spaniard or Gaul,
There's a Dick in our village will ride round them
all!

IX.

A whip is Dick's ſceptre, a ſaddle Dick's throne,
And a horſe is the kingdom he rules as his own;
While graſping ambition encircles the earth,
The dominions of Dick are encloſed in a girth.

x.

Three ribs hath he broken, two legs, and one arm,
But there hangs, it is ſaid, round his neck a life-charm;
Still long odds are offer'd that Dick, when he drops,
Will die, as he lived, in his breeches and tops.

Thompſon's Trip to Epſom.

I.

KIND friends! delighted Thompſon! on the night he came to town
They ſaid: "If up to Epſom, we will call and take you down."
Next morn, ere Boots awoke him, there was ſeen at Thompſon's door
The coach the ladies ſat in and the ſatin that they wore.

II.

Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! how could he his bacon ſave,
How cut his mutton-chops up when his own he could not ſhave?
Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! "Waiter, ſay we cannot wait;"
With friends ſo faſt his fate it was to faſt upon a fête!

III.

"We're full inſide, for empties there's an empty
dicky free,"
Alas! ere long with Thompſon's heart all dicky
will it be;
Her beaming eye who tied his veil pierc'd thro'
him like a lance,
Of what avail was ſuch a veil to ſhield from ſuch
a glance?

IV.

Forgetting ſoon his breakfaſt ſpoon he takes a
ſpoony turn,
His heart feels hot within him like a heater in
the urn;
A ſudden ſlip 'twixt cup and lip to Beauty from
Bohea,
His tea no more he miſſes, thinks no more of
Mrs. T.

V.

A lottery they needs muſt have upon the Derby
day,
Fair fingers cut the tickets, ſo of courſe it was fair
play;
My Lord, who draws the favourite, o'erwhelms
them with his thanks,
Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! ſo they hand
him all the blanks.

VI.

Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! it was whiſper'd in a tone
Which meant, if words a meaning have, "How hungry we are grown!"
Poor Thompſon ſigh'd as they untied the hamper, Thompſon's ſigh,
Say was it for his ladie-love or for the pigeon pie?

VII.

Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! looking down he now ſurveys
The fair inſiders filling their inſide with mayonnaiſe;
For the luncheon ſtakes diſqualified was Thompſon, they declare,
A ſtomach twice as empty as their own would not be fair.

VIII.

Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! "Superexcellent this ham."
Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! "What a tender bit of lamb."
Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! "I prefer the dry champagne."
Poor Thompſon's had no breakfaſt! "May I trouble you again?"

IX.

When done at laſt their own repaſt poor Thompſon, better late
Than never, got poſſeſſion of the hamper and a plate,
With two rejected drumſticks on a hollow diſh he drums,
And chirps are heard as dicky-bird picks up the scatter'd crumbs.

X.

Once more at home ſee Thompſon, in his breakfaſt parlour chair,
He knew better than to quarrel with his bread and butter there;
His wife with indignation of his aching ſtomach heard,
Of the heartache which had troubled him he never ſaid a word.

A Modern Stable.

I.

BEHOLD the new ſtable his lordſhip has built,
Its walls and its ſtalls painted, varniſh'd and gilt;

No prince in his palace, King, Sultan, or Czar,
Was e'er lodg'd in ſuch ſtate as theſe quadrupeds are.

II.

Pitchfork and bucket, chain, buckle and rack,
Burniſh'd up till they ſhine like the coats on their back;
I ſcarce know on which moſt applauſe to beſtow,
On the gildings above or the geldings below.

III.

What I marvell'd at moſt, in the front of each ſtall
Why a ſlab of blue ſlate ſhould be fix'd in the wall?
Why a horſe (and the query ſtill puzzles my pate)
Like a ſchoolboy ſhould ſtand with his eyes on a ſlate?

IV.

Muſt the heads of our horſes be cramm'd now a-day
With learning as well as their bellies with hay?
Muſt our yearlings be coach'd till their little go won,
The trainer has taught them "to read as they run."

On Reading in the "Times," April 9th, 1860, a Critique on the Life of Aſheton Smith.

THE mighty Hunter taken to his reſt,
His cheriſh'd ſport now points the critic's jeſt,
Pleas'd of a ſect facetiouſly to tell
A "meet" their heaven and a froſt their hell,
Who blindly follow, clad in coats of pink,
A beaſt whoſe nature is to run and ſtink;
When view'd, with ſhouts of frantic joy they greet him,
Forbearing ſtill, when they have kill'd, to eat him,
His head enſhrin'd within a cryſtal caſe,
His "bruſh," a relic, on their walls they place.
In mad devotion to this beaſt unclean,
Encountering "Bullfinches" (whate'er that mean)
They ride to fall and riſe again forthwith,
A ſect whoſe great high-prieſt was Aſheton Smith.

Let him who laughs our noble ſport to ſcorn,
Meet me next year at Melton or at Quorn;

Let the faſt train by which his bolts are ſped
Bring down the Thunderer himſelf inſtead,
My cover hack (not Stamford owns a finer)
Can canter glibly like a penny-a-liner;
Free of my ſtable let him take the pick,
Not one when mounted but can do the trick;
Faſt as his pen can run, if he can ride,
The foremoſt few will find him at their ſide;
His leader left unfiniſh'd on the ſhelf,
To prove a leading article himſelf!

With cloſing daylight, when our paſtime ends,
Together dining, we will part good friends;
And home returning to his gas-lit court,
His mind enlighten'd by a good day's ſport,
Of hounds and hunting ſome ſlight knowledge then
Shall guide the gooſe-quill, when he writes again.

Tarporley Swan-Hopping.

NOVEMBER 6TH, 1862.

I.

WHEN a Swan takes to ſinging they ſay ſhe will die,
But our Tarporley Swan proves that legend a lie;

For a hundred years paſt ſhe has ſwung at this door,
May ſhe ſwing there and ſing there a thouſand years more!

II.

Rara avis in terris our Swan though not black,
Though white her own pinions and white her own back,
Still her flock, in November full-feather'd, are ſeen
Reſplendent in plumage of ſcarlet and green.

III.

Heralds ſay ſhe is ſprung from that White Swan of yore
Which our Sires at Blore Heath to the battle-field bore;
When, *Quæſitum meritis*, loyal and true,
Their ſwords Cheſhire men for Queen Margaret drew.

IV.

To and fro in her flight ſhe has travers'd the Vale,
She has lov'd on an ocean of claret to ſail;
Whate'er takes her fancy ſhe thinks it no ſin,
So her dancing-days, now ſhe's a hundred, begin.

V.

You have heard in your youth of the Butterfly's Ball,
How the birds and the beaſts ſhe invited them all;

So the Tarporley Swan, not a whit leſs gallant,
Invites all her friends to a Soirée danſante.

VI.

Leſt her flock at the Ball ſhould themſelves miſ-
behave,
The old Swan thus a lecture on etiquette gave:
"Though, my ſons, o'er the Vale you make light
of a fall,
Beware how you make a falſe ſtep at the Ball.

VII.

"You muſt all in good feather be dreſt for the
night,
Let not the Swan neck-tie be tied over-tight;
Each his partner may fan with the tip of his wing,
Patent pumps for web feet will be quite the right
thing.

VIII.

"Expand not your pinions, 'twere folly to try,
In vain would their vaſtneſs with crinoline vie;
Let no rude neck outſtretch'd o'er the table be
ſeen,
Nor ſtand dabbling your bills in the ſupper tureen.

IX.

"When you ſail down the middle, or ſwim through
a dance,

With grace and with ſtatelineſs, Swan-like, advance,
Let your entrance, your exit no waddle diſcloſe,
But hold all your heads up, and turn out your toes.

x.

"To the counſel convey'd in theſe motherly words
Give heed, and I truſt you will all be good birds;
I give you my bleſſing and bid you begone,
So away to the Ball with you, every one."

Killing no Murder.

I KNOW not—ſearch all England round,
If better Huntſman can be found,
A bolder rider or a neater,
When mounted for the field, than Peter;
But this I know, there is not one
So bent on blood as Colliſon.
Hear now the doctrine he propounds,
All ye who love to follow hounds:—

Says he, "Since firſt my horn was blown,
This maxim have I made my own;
Kill if you can with ſport;—but ſtill—
Or with it or without it,—kill.

A feather in my cap to pin,
A freſh one every bruſh I win!
That fox is doom'd who ſeeks for reſt
In gorſe or ſpinney when diſtreſt;
Though far and faſt he may have ſped,
He counts for nothing till he's dead.
I hold that Whip not worth his pay,
Who fails to keep him there at bay;
When round and round the coverſide
The mounted mob, like madmen, ride,
Now croſs him here, now head him there,
While ſhouts and clamour rend the air.
Spare him, the gentle folk may ſay,
To live and fight another day;
Upon my coat conſpicuous ſeen,
All know me by my collar green,
I ſhould myſelf be greener ſtill,
Were I to ſpare when I could kill;
Excuſe me, gentlemen, I ſay
My hounds have had but two to-day.

"When April ends the hunting year,
How then ſhould I in *Bell* appear?
Or how my brother Huntſmen face
If ſhort of booking fifty brace?
There's nothing, I maintain, abſurder
Than to ſay that killing's Murder."

1865.

On Peter Colliſon's late Fall.

1868.

BAD luck betide that treacherous ſpot
Where Peter's horſe, though at a trot,
Roll'd over, hurling headlong there
A Huntſman whom we ill could ſpare;
As there he lay and gaſp'd for breath,
Unconſcious quite and pale as death,
The clinging hounds around him yell,
And wailing moans their ſorrow tell.
Let ———, who over-rides them all,
Take warning by our Huntſman's fall;
When ſuch ſhall be that rider's fate
(And his it will be ſoon or late),
They o'er the downfal of their foe
Will not upraiſe the voice of woe;
When proſtrate, if the pack ſhould greet him
With open mouths, 'twill be to eat him.

Riding to Hounds.

No inconſiderate raſhneſs, or vain appetite
Of falſe encountering formidable things;
But a true ſcience of diſtinguiſhing
* * * * *

BEN JONSON.

AS when two dogs in furious combat cloſe,
The bone forgotten whence the ſtrife aroſe,
Some village cur ſecures the prize unſeen,
And, while the maſtiffs battle, picks it clean;
So when two horſemen, joſtling ſide by ſide,
Heed not the pack, but at each other ride,
More glorious ſtill the loftier fences deem,
And face the brook where wideſt flows the ſtream;
One breathleſs ſteed, when ſpurs no more avail,
Rolls o'er the cop, and hitches on the rail;
One floundering lies—to watery ditch conſign'd,
While laughing ſchool-boy leaves them both behind,
Pricks on his pony 'till the bruſh be won,
And bears away the honours of the run.

Newby Ferry.

I.

THE morning was mild as a morning in May,
Slingſby on Saltfiſh was out for the day;

Though the Ure was rain-ſwollen, the pack, daſhing in,
Follow'd cloſe on the fox they had found at the Whin.

II.

They have croſs'd it full cry, but the horſemen are ſtay'd,
The ford is too deep for the boldeſt to wade;
So to Newby they ſped, like an army diſpers'd,
Hoping each in his heart to be there with the firſt.

III.

Lloyd, Robinſon, Orvis, and Slingſby the brave,
Preſſing on to that ferry to find there a grave;
Little thought the four comrades when, rivals in pace,
With ſuch haſte they ſpurr'd on that they rode a death-race.

IV.

Orvis now cries, in a voice of deſpair,
"They're away far ahead, and not one of us there!
Quickly, good ferrymen, haul to the ſhore,
Bad luck to your craft if we catch 'em no more!"

V.

Thus ſhouting, old Orvis leapt down to the bank,

And with Lloyd alongſide led his horſe to the plank;
There ſtood they, diſmounted, their hands on the rein,
Never more to ſet foot in the ſtirrup again!

VI.

Eleven good men in the laden boat,
Eleven good ſteeds o'er the ferry float;
Alas! ere their ferrymen's taſk was done,
Two widows were weeping o'er father and ſon!

VII.

What meaneth that ſudden and piercing cry
From the horſemen who ſtood on the bank hard by?
The ſhadow of death ſeem'd to darken the wave,
And the torrent to pauſe as it open'd a grave.

VIII.

Slingſby is ſinking—his ſtretch'd arm had clung
To the rein of his horſe as he overboard ſprung;
The barque, overburden'd, bends down on her ſide,
Heels o'er, and her freight is engulf'd in the tide.

IX.

In that moment an age ſeem'd to intervene
Ere Vyner was firſt on the ſurface ſeen;

The plank ſcarcely won ere his arm he extends
To reach and to reſcue his ſinking friends.

x.

Whips knotted faſt, in the haſte of deſpair,
Reach not the doom'd who were drowning there ;
Swimmers undauntedly breaſted the wave,
Till themſelves were nigh ſunk in their efforts to
ſave.

xi.

Robinſon (he who could bird-like ſkim
O'er fence and o'er fallow) unpractis'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs of aid in this uttermoſt need,
Save in the ſtrength of his gallant ſteed !

xii.

Slowly that horſe from the river's bed,
Still back'd by his rider, uprais'd his head ;
But the noſtrils' faint breath and the terror-glaz'd
eye
Tell how vain is all hope with its fury to vie.

xiii.

Unappall'd, who could gaze on the heart-rending
ſight ?
His rider unmov'd, in the ſaddle upright,

Calm for one moment, and then the death ſcream
As down, ſtill unſeated, he ſank in the ſtream!

XIV.

Slingſby meanwhile from the waters uproſe,
Where deepeſt and ſtrongeſt the mid-current flows;
Manfully ſtemming its onward courſe,
He ſtruck for the boat with his failing force.

XV.

Then feebly one arm was uplifted, in vain
Striving to ſnatch at the cheſtnut's mane;
For that faithful ſteed, through the rolling tide,
Had ſwum like a dog to his maſter's ſide.

XVI.

At length by the ſtream he can buffet no more,
Borne, bleeding and pale, to the farther ſhore,
There, as the Slingſbys had ofttimes lain,
Lay the laſt of that Houſe in his harneſs ſlain!

XVII.

Sprung from a knightly and time-honour'd race,
Pride of thy county, and chief of her chace!
Though a ſtranger, not leſs is his ſorrow ſincere,

Who now weeps o'er the close of thy gallant career.

XVIII.

Let Yorkshire, while England re-echoes her wail,
Bereft of her bravest, record the sad tale,
How Slingsby of Scriven at Newby fell,
In the heat of that chace which he lov'd so well.

Hunting Song.

I.

OF all the recreations with which mortal man is blest,
Go where he will, fox-hunting still is pleasantest and best;
The hunter knows no sorrow here, the cup of life to him,
A bumper bright of fresh delight fill'd sparkling to the brim.
Away, away we go,
With a tally, tally ho,
With a tally, tally, tally, tally, tally, tally-ho!

II.

O! is it not—O! is it not—a spirit-stirring sound,

The eager notes from tuneful throats that tell a fox is found?
O! is it not—O! is it not—a pleaſant ſight to ſee
The chequer'd pack, tan, white, and black, fly ſcudding o'er the lea?

Chorus.

III.

How keen their emulation in the buſtle of the burſt,
When ſide by ſide the foremoſt ride, each ſtruggling to be firſt;
Intent on that ſweet muſic which in front delights their ear,
The ſobbing loud of the panting crowd they heed not in the rear.

Chorus.

IV.

The field to all is open, whether clad in black or red,
O'er rail and gate the feather-weight may thruſt his thorough-bred;
While heavier men, well mounted, though not foremoſt in the fray,
If quick to ſtart and ſtout of heart, need not be far away.

Chorus.

v.

And ſince that joy is incomplete which Beauty
ſhuns to ſhare,
Or maid or bride, if ſkill'd to ride, we fondly
welcome there;
Where woodland hills our muſic fills and echo
ſwells the chorus,
Or when we fly with a ſcent breaſt high, and a
galloping fox before us.
Chorus.

1868.

Tarporley Song.

1870.

I.

RECALLING the days of old Bluecap and
Barry,
Of Bedford and Gloſter, George Heron and Sir
Harry,
A bumper to-night the Quæſitum ſhall carry,
Which nobody can deny.

II.

Tho' his rivals by Meynell on mutton were fed,

When the race o'er the Beacon by Bluecap was led,
A hundred good yards was the winner ahead,
Which nobody can deny.

III.

The gentry of Cheſhire, whate'er their degrees,
Stanleys or Egertons, Leyceſters or Leghs,
One and all with green ribbons have garter'd their knees,
Which nobody can deny.

IV.

Their breeches were green and their ſtockings were white,
Tho' oft in queer plight they were tuck'd up at night,
Next morn they were all in their ſtirrups upright,
Which nobody can deny.

V.

Over graſs while the youngſters were ſkimming the vale,
Down the pavement away went the old ones full ſail,
Each green collar flapp'd by a powder'd pigtail,
Which nobody can deny.

VI.

When foxes were flyers and gorſe covers few,
Thoſe hounds of Sir Harry, where thickeſt it grew,

How they daſh'd into Huxley and huſtled it through,
Which nobody can deny.

VII.

The ſport they began may we ſtill carry on,
And we forty good fellows, who meet at the Swan,
To the green collar ſtick, tho' our breeches are gone,
Which nobody can deny.

VIII.

Still, whether clad in ſhort garments or long,
With a Cotton to ſing us a fox-hunting ſong,
And a Corbet to lead us, we cannot go wrong,
Which nobody can deny.

A Growl from the Squire of Grumbleton.

I.

I WAS born and bred a Tory,
And my prejudice is ſtrong,
Young men, bear with me kindly,
If you think my notions wrong.

II.

I learnt them from my father,
One whoſe pride it was to ſit,

Ere the ballot-box was thought of,
By the ſide of Billy Pitt.

III.

I love the gabled manſion
By my anceſtors uprear'd,
Where the ſtranger-gueſt is welcome,
And the friend by time endear'd.

IV.

I love the old grey bell-tower,
And its ivy-muffled clock;
And I love the honeſt Parſon
As himſelf he loves his flock.

V.

Freſh youth I feel within me
When a morning fox is found,
And I hear the merry muſic
Through the ringing woods reſound.

VI.

And I love, when evening cloſes,
And a good day's ſport is o'er,
Thrice to pour into the wine-cup
Ruddy port of thirty-four.

VII.

I have told you what I love—now
Let me tell you what I hate—

That accurs'd Succeſſion Duty
On the heir to my eſtate.

VIII.

Old Nelſon to the Frenchman
In a voice of thunder ſpoke,
What would Nelſon ſay to Gladſtone
With his tax on Britiſh oak?

IX.

Hounds I hate which, ſhy of ſtooping,
Muſt be lifted ſtill and caſt,
Like many a fool who follows,
Far too flaſhy and too faſt.

X.

Iron engines which have ſilenc'd
In the barn the threſher's flail;
Iron wires, a modern makeſhift
For the honeſt poſt and rail.

XI.

Knaves and blacklegs, who have elbow'd
From the Turf all honeſt men,
Blaſted names and ruin'd houſes
Fallen ne'er to riſe again.

XII.

Cant and unwhipp'd ſwindlers—
Rant and rivalry of ſect—

Pride and working wenches
In ſilk and ſatin deck'd.

XIII.

Song from the green bough baniſh'd,
The voiceleſs woodlands ſtill,
The ſparkle of the trout ſtream
Foul'd and blacken'd by the mill.

XIV.

A Unioniſt each craftſman,
A poacher every clown,
Brawl and beerhouſe in the Village,
Luſt and ginſhop in the Town.

XV.

Though with all thy faults, dear England,
In my heart I love thee ſtill,
Theſe are plague-ſpots on thy beauty
Which mine eyes with ſorrow fill.

The Coverſide Phantom.

I.

ONE morning in November,
As the village clock ſtruck ten
Came trooping to the coverſide
A field of hunting men;

'Twas neither Quorn nor Pytchley horn
That ſummon'd our array;
No; we who met were a homely ſet,
In a province far away.

II.

As there we ſtood, converſing,
Much amazement ſeiz'd the Hunt,
When, ſpick and ſpan, an unknown man
Rode onwards to the front;
All whiſper'd, gazing wonderſtruck,
"Who can the ſtranger be?"
Forſooth they were, that man and mare,
A comely ſight to ſee.

III.

The mare a faultleſs cheſtnut
As was ever ſtrapp'd by groom;
Nor fault could in the man be found,
Nor flaw in his coſtume;
A ſilk cord loop'd the hunting hat,
The glove's conſummate fit
No creaſe diſturb'd, and burniſh'd bright
Shone ſtirrup, chain, and bit.

IV.

The rider's ſeat was firm and neat
As rider's ſeat could be;
The buckſkin white was button'd tight,
And knotted at the knee;

Above the boots' jet poliſh
Was a top of tender ſtain,
Nor brown nor white, but a mixture light,
Of roſe-leaves and champagne.

v.

The heart that waiſtcoat buttons up
Muſt be a heart of ſteel,
As keen as the keeneſt rowel
On the ſpur that decks his heel;
We look'd the ſtranger over,
And we gravely ſhook our heads,
And we felt a ſad conviction
He would cut us into ſhreds.

vi.

A glance I ſtole from my double ſole
To my coat of faded red;
The ſcarlet which had once been there
My countenance o'erſpread;
I bluſh'd with ſhame—no wonder!
So completely was the ſhine
By the man and mare beſide me
Taken out of me and mine.

vii.

How his portrait, ſketch'd for "Baily,"
Would the ſporting world enchant,
By the pen of a Whyte-Melville,
Or the pencil of a Grant!

An Adonis, ſcarlet-coated!
A glorious field Apollo,
May we have pluck and the rare good luck,
When he leads the way, to follow!

VIII.

So intenſe my admiration
(What I thought I dare not ſay),
But I felt inclin'd in my inmoſt mind,
To wiſh for a blank day,
Leſt a piece of ſuch rare metal,
So elaborately gilt,
Should expoſe its poliſh'd ſurface
To a ſcratch by being ſpilt.

IX.

Sad to think, ſhould ſuch a get-up
By a downfal come to grief;
That a pink of ſuch perfection
Should become a crumpled leaf!
Sad to think this bird of Paradiſe
Should riſk its plumage bright
By encounter with a bullfinch,
Or a mudſtain in its flight!

X.

But all that glitters is not gold,
However bright it ſeem;
Ere long a ſudden change came o'er
The ſpirit of my dream;

No defeat ourſelves awaited
From the man nor from his mount;
No ground for the diſcomfort
We had felt on his account.

XI.

A fox was found; the ſtirring ſound
That nerv'd us for the fray—
That hallo burſt the bubble,
And the phantom ſcar'd away;
We croſs'd the vale o'er poſt and rail,
Up leaps and downward drops;
But where, oh where, was the cheſtnut mare
And the man with tinted tops?

XII.

He was not with the foremoſt,
As they one and all declare;
Nor was he with the hindmoſt,—
He was neither here nor there;
The laſt, they ſay, ſeen of him
Was in front of the firſt fence,
And no one e'er could track the mare,
Or ſpot the rider thence.

XIII.

All turquoiſe and enamel,
Like a watch trick'd up for ſhow,
Though a pretty thing to look at,
Far too beautiful to go;

He, the man at whoſe appearance
We had felt ourſelves ſo ſmall,
Was only the ninth part of one—
A tailor after all!

XIV.

His own line, when he took it,
Was by railway ticket ta'en;
Firſt-claſs, a rattling gallop,
As he homeward went by train;
A horſe-box for his hunter,
And a band-box for himſelf,
One was ſhunted into hidlands,
T'other laid upon the ſhelf.

XV.

He has not ſince been heard of,
Should we ever ſee him more,
He will ſtand, the model fox-hunter,
At Moſes and Son's door;
If not found there, I know not where,
Unleſs, encas'd in glaſs,
Both man and mare in that window flare,
Which Nicolls lights with gas.

The Ladie of the Caſtle of Windeck.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(ADELBERT CHAMISSO.)

I.

"FATED Horſeman! onward ſpeeding,
Hold!—thy panting courſer check;—
Thee the Phantom Stag miſleading,
Hurrieth to the lone Windeck!"

II.

Where two towers, their ſtrength uprearing,
O'er a ruin'd gateway riſe,
There the quarry diſappearing
Vaniſh'd from the Hunter's eyes.

III.

Lone and ſtill!—no echo ſounded;
Blaz'd the ſun in noonday pride;
Deep he drew his breath aſtounded,
And his ſtreaming forehead dried.

IV.

"Precious wine lies hid below, in
Ruin'd cellar here, they ſay;
O! that I, with cup o'erflowing,
Might my ſcorching thirſt allay!"

v.

Scarcely by his parch'd lip ſpoken
Wingèd words the wiſh proclaim,
Ere from arch, with ivy broken,
Forth a fair hand-maiden came.

vi.

Light of ſtep, a glorious maiden!
Robe of ſhining white ſhe wore;
With her keys her belt was laden,
Drinking horn in hand ſhe bore.

vii.

Precious wine, from cup o'erflowing,
With an eager mouth he quaff'd;
Fire he felt within him glowing,
As he drain'd the magic draught.

viii.

Eyes of deep blue, ſoftly glancing!—
Flowing locks of golden hue!—
He with claſpèd hands advancing
'Gan the Maiden's love to ſue.

ix.

Fraught with ſtrange myſterious meaning,
Pitying look ſhe on him caſt;
Then, her form the ivy ſcreening,
Swiftly, as ſhe came, ſhe paſt.

x.

From that hour enchanted ever,
Spellbound to the Windeck lone,
From that hour he ſlumber'd never,
Reſt, and peace, and hope unknown.

xi.

Night and day that ruin'd portal
Pale and wan he hovers nigh,
Though unlike to living mortal,
Still without the power to die.

xii.

Once again the maid, appearing,
After many a year had paſt,
Preſt his lip with kiſs endearing,
Broke the ſpell of life at laſt.

The Two Wizards.

GIVE ear, ye who dwell in the Tarporley Vale,
While I tell you of Beeſton a wonderful tale;
Where its crag, caſtle-crown'd, overhanging the ſteep,
Noddles down like the head of an old man aſleep,
A cavern is ſcoop'd, though unſeen by the eye,
In the ſide of that rock, where it ſtands high and dry.

There has dwelt for long ages, and there dwelleth
ſtill,
A Magician—believe it or not, as you will;
He was there when Earl Blundevill laid the firſt
ſtone
Of thoſe walls, now with ivy and moſs overgrown;
He was there when King Henry proclaim'd him-
ſelf Lord,
When he belted his ſon with the Palatine ſword;
He to King Richard gave up this ſtronghold,
Therein to depoſit his jewels and gold;
He was there when the Puritans mounted the
ſteep,
And defied the king's troops from its garriſon'd
keep;
And there ſtood this Wizard to witneſs the fight,
When Rupert's good ſword put thoſe rebels to
flight.

For two centuries then it was left to decay,
And its walls, weather-beaten, fell piece-meal
away,
And his home grew ſo dull when the fighting
was o'er,
The Wizard declar'd he could live there no more;
Till the thought croſs'd his brain that to cheer
his lone days
Some playmates the power of his magic might raiſe.

So at ſunriſe one morn ſtepping forth from his cell,
He uplifted his wand and he mutter'd a ſpell,
Each wave of that wand was ſeen life to infuſe,
And the ſtones that it touch'd, all became kangaroos.
He had hung round the walls of his cavern inſide
The armour of thoſe who had fought there and died;
Transforming thoſe plates which long ruſt had worn thin,
He fitted each beaſt with a jacket of ſkin;
Then pluck'd from each ſword blade its black leather ſheath,
Which he twiſted and ſtuck as a tail underneath.

And there, as a ſhepherd ſits watching his flock,
Sits this kangaroo keeper a-perch on his rock,
Inviſible ſtill, but his care night and day
Is to feed them and watch leſt they wander aſtray.
Ever anxious, he guards them more tenderly ſtill,
When the huntſman his pack has let looſe on the hill;
And thoſe hounds, terror ſtricken, all riot eſchew,
When they hear a ſtrange voice crying, "Ware Kangaroo!"

To this Wizard inviſible bidding farewell,
Of another I yet have a ſtory to tell;

No inviſible ſprite! when he ſtands full in view,
You will own him a man, and a goodly man too.
He it is who by dint of his magical ſkill
Uplifted the ſtones from the high Stanna hill;
Nor paus'd till thoſe fragments, pil'd up to the ſky,
Aſſum'd the fair form of that caſtle hard by;
He brandiſh'd his ſpade, and along the hill-ſide
The aſcent, by a roadway, made eaſy and wide;
Unlike the hid portal I ſpoke of before,
Very plain to the eye is his wide open door;
Where the tiles of the pavement, the ſtones of the wall
Unceaſingly echo a welcome to all.
There are ſtables where ſteeds ſtand by tens in a row,
There are chambers above, and vaſt cellars below;
Each bed in thoſe chambers holds nightly a gueſt,
Each bin in that cellar is fill'd with the beſt.

When this Wizard wends forth from his turreted walls,
Four horſes are bitted and led from their ſtalls,
He mounts and looks down on a team from his box,
All perfect in ſhape from their heads to their hocks;
The coats that they carry are burniſh'd like gold,
Their fire by a touch of his finger controll'd;

A whip for his wand, when their paces he ſprings,
You might fancy their ſhoulders were furniſh'd
with wings;
Away! rough or ſmooth, whether up hill or down,
Through highway and byeway, through village
and town!
With that eaſe and that grace with which ladies
can wheedle
Stubborn ſilk through the eye of a delicate needle,
Through the arch with huge portal on either ſide
hung,
He his leaders can thruſt whether reſtive or young;
O'er the bridge at Bate's Mill he can twiſt at full
ſpeed,
Charioteering—which proves him a Wizard in-
deed.

Faint harp-ſtrings at night o'er his caſtle reſound;
Their tone when firſt heard by the country-folk
round,
They fancied (ſo far it ſurpaſs'd human ſkill)
That angels were tuning their harps on the hill;
It was ſtrung, I knew well, by an angel inſide,
The fingers that ſwept it were thoſe of his bride.

Ofttimes they who deal in theſe magical arts
Bear hatred and malice to man in their hearts;
But to enmity ne'er was this Wizard inclin'd,

A well-diſpos'd being to all human kind
To conſole the afflicted, the poor to befriend,
Of his magic, is ſtill the ſole object and end;
And each cottager's prayer is, that ſpells ſuch as theſe
He may long live to work in this Valley of Cheeſe.

On a Tame Fox,

A PARLOUR PET AT DALEFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF THE MASTER OF THE CHESHIRE HOUNDS.

I.

SQUIRE CORBET! at all ſeaſons
A fox is his delight,
A wild one for the morning,
And a tame one for the night;

II.

For the fox that ſcours the country
We a green gorſe cover raiſe,
But parlour pug lies warm and ſnug
In a cover of green baize.

III.

Or in his chair repoſing,
Or o'er the ſaddle bent,
Corbet, wide awake or dozing,
Is never off the ſcent.

IV.

He needs no kirtled houſemaid,
The carpet on the ſtairs
Is duſted by the ſweeping
Of the bruſh that Reynard wears.

V.

This hunting man's houſekeeper,
She, without diſtreſs of nerves,
Oft amongſt the currant jelly
Finds a fox in her preſerves.

VI.

Bones of chicken ever picking,
This pet, ſo fed and nurs'd,
Though he never gave a gallop,
He may finiſh with a burſt.

The Mare and her Maſter.

I.

THOUGH my ſight is grown dim, though my arm is grown weak,
Grey hairs on my forehead, and lines on my cheek;

Though the verdure of youth is now yellow and
ſere,
I feel my heart throb when November draws
near.

II.

I could pardon the wrongs thou haſt done me,
Old Time!
If thy hand would but help me the ſtirrup to
climb;
The one pleaſure left is to gaze on my mare,
Her with whom I lov'd beſt the excitement to
ſhare.

III.

Sound wind and limb, without blemiſh or ſpeck,
Her rider diſabled, her owner a wreck!
Unſtripp'd and unſaddled, ſhe ſeems to aſk why;
Unſpurr'd and unbooted, I make no reply.

IV.

Remembrance then dwells on each hard-ridden
run,
On the country we croſs'd, on the laurels we won;
Fleet limbs once extended, now cribb'd in their
ſtall,
They ſpeak of paſt triumphs, paſt gallops recall.

V.

I remember, when baulk'd of our ſtart at the find,
How we ſlipp'd, undiſmay'd, through the rabble behind;
No check to befriend us, ſtill tracking the burſt,
Till by dint of ſheer ſwiftneſs the laſt became firſt.

VI.

And that day I remember, when croſſing the bed
Of a deep rolling river, the pack ſhot ahead;
How the dandies, though caſ'd in their waterproof Peals,
Stood aghaſt as we ſtemm'd it, and ſtuck to their heels.

VII.

How ere Jack with his hammer had riven the nail,
And unhing'd the park-gate, we have ſkimm'd the oak pale;
Over bogs where the hoof of the cocktail ſtuck faſt,
How her foot without ſinking Camilla-like paſs'd.

VIII.

I remember, though warn'd by the voice of Tom Rance—
"Have a care of that fence"—how we ventur'd the chance;

How we fac'd it and fell—from the depth of the drain
How we pick'd ourſelves up, and were with 'em again.

IX.

Over meadows of water, through foreſts of wood,
Over graſs-land or plough, there is nothing like blood;
Whate'er place I coveted, thou, my good mare,
Deſpite of all hindrances, landed me there.

X.

The deareſt of friends I that man muſt account,
To whom on her ſaddle I proffer a mount;
And that friend ſhall confeſs that he never yet knew,
Till he handled my pet, what a flyer could do.

XI.

Should dealers come down from the Leiceſter-ſhire vale,
And turn with good gold thy own weight in the ſcale,
Would I ſell thee? not I, for a millionaire's purſe!
Through life we are wedded for better for worſe.

XII.

I can feed thee, and pet thee, and finger thy mane,
Though I ne'er throw my leg o'er thy quarters again;
Gold ſhall ne'er purchaſe one lock of thy hair,
Death alone ſhall bereave the old man of his mare.

1871.

Farewell to Tarporley.

I.

TO comrades of the hunting field, tho' ſad to ſay farewell,
'Tis pleaſant ſtill on olden days at Tarporley to dwell:
On friends for whom, alive or dead, our love is unimpair'd,
The mirth and the adventure and the ſport that we have ſhar'd.

II.

The feelings of good fellowſhip which Tarporley unite,
The honour'd names recorded which have made its annals bright,

Old Charley Cholmondeley's portrait and the
fashion of our clothes,
In the days of padded neckcloths, breeches green
and silken hose.

III.

The upright form of Delamere, Sir Richard's
graceful seat,
The brothers three from Dorfold sprung whom
none of us could beat;
The fun with which Bob Grosvenor enliven'd
every speech,
The laugh of Charley Wickstead lengthen'd out
into a screech.

IV.

The classical Quæsitum and the President's hard
chair,
Each year's succeeding Patroness whose charms
were toasted there;
The inevitable wrangle which the Farmer's cup
provokes,
Sir Watkin cracking biscuits, and Sir Harry
cracking jokes.

V.

The match in which though Adelaide but held a
second place,
No judge was there to certify that Go-by won
the race,

The ſtakes withheld—the winner told jocoſely by
the Hunt,
With nothing elſe to pocket he muſt pocket the
affront.

VI.

Earl Wilton ever foremoſt amid Leiceſterſhire
high flyers,
Coming down from Melton Mowbray to enlighten
Cheſhire Squires;
Belgrave who unbreech'd us, and one fatal
afternoon
Firſt cloth'd us to the ankle in the modern
pantaloon.

VII.

The foxes which from Huxley gorſe have led us
many a dance,
Joe Maiden beſt of huntſmen, beſt of whips old
Tommy Rance;
That good old ſoul, John Dixon, and his lengthy
draught of ale,
That mirthful day when "Little Dogs" came
home without a tail.

VIII.

The glory of that gallop which old Oulton Low
ſupplied,
The front-rank men of Cheſhire charging onward
ſide by ſide;

The Baron with his ſpurs at work in rear of the advance,
When Britain, in the field for once, ran clean away from France.

IX.

The find at Brindley cover and at Dorfold Hall the kill,
The Breeches left behind us but the bruſh before us ſtill;
The fox that ſkimm'd the Tilſton cream—forget we never ſhall
The ſcore of hunting breeches that were waſh'd in that canal.

X.

And that ill-ſtarr'd diſaſter when, unconſcious of the leap,
I dropp'd into the water of a marl-pit ſix feet deep;
Enough to damp the keeneſt—but conceive the fearful ſight,
When I found that underneath me lay the body of Jack White.

XI.

The harmony infus'd into the rhymes which I have ſtrung,
When firſt I heard the "Columbine" by James Smith Barry ſung;

While canvas the remembrance of Sir Peter ſhall
prolong,
May the name of his ſucceſſor be endear'd to you
in ſong.

XII.

The carving of the veniſon when it ſmok'd upon
the board,
The twinkling eye of Johnny Glegg, the chaff of
Charley Ford;
The opening of the oyſters, and the cloſing of the
eyes
In ſlumber deep—that balmy ſleep which midnight
cup ſupplies.

XIII.

Sir Humphrey and Geof. Shakerley whoſe friend-
ſhip never fails,
Tho' long of two opinions which was heavieſt in
the ſcales;
In love of ſport as in their weight an even race
they run,
So here's a health to both of them and years of
future fun.

XIV.

Old Time, who keeps his own account, however
well we wear,
Time whiſpers "to the old ones you muſt add
another pair,"

May Laſcelles in his choſen home long, long a
dweller be,
To Philo gorſe a bumper, to Sir Philip three
times three.

XV.

Young inheritors of hunting, ye who would the
ſport ſhould laſt,
Think not the chace a huſtling race, fit only for
the faſt;
If ſport in modern phraſe muſt be ſynonymous
with ſpeed,
The good old Engliſh animal will ſink into a
weed.

XVI.

Accept the wiſh your Laureate leaves behind him
ere we part,
That wiſh ſhall find an echo in each Cheſhire
ſportſman's heart,
May Time ſtill ſpare one favour'd pair, tho' other
creatures fail,
The Swan that floats above us, and the Fox that
ſkims the Vale!

XVII.

The ſnobs who haunt the hunting field, and rouſe
the maſter's ire,
The fence of fair appearance maſking lines of
hidden wire;

A ſtraight fox mobb'd and headed by the laggards in the lane,
A good one dug and murder'd, I have ſeen ſuch ſights with pain.

XVIII.

I never kill'd ſave once a hound, I ſaw him on his back
With deep remorſe—he was, of courſe the beſt one in the pack;
The thought ofttime has griev'd me with a wild fox well away,
That friends right worthy of it ſhould have miſs'd the lucky day.

XIX.

If e'er my favourite cover unexpectedly was blank,
Then ſilent and diſpirited my heart within me ſank;
But never till this moment has a tear bedimm'd mine eye,
With ſorrow ſuch as now I feel in wiſhing you Good Bye.

1872.

The Pheaſant and the Fox.

A FABLE.

I.

OCTOBER ſtrips the foreſt, we have paſs'd the equinox,
It is time to look about us," ſaid the Pheaſant to the Fox;
" I cannot rooſt in comfort at this ſeaſon of the year,
The volleys of the battue ſeem to thunder in my ear."

II.

" Time indeed it is," ſaid Reynard, " for the fray to be prepar'd,
For open war againſt us has already been declar'd;
Two cubs, laſt week, two hopeful cubs, the fineſt out of five,
Within their mother's hearing chopp'd, were eaten up alive.

III.

" Within our woodland ſhelter here, two winter ſeaſons through,
You and I have dwelt together in a friendſhip firm and true;

Still, I own it, to my yearning heart one envious
feeling clings,
Cock-pheaſant! what I covet is the privilege of
wings.

IV.

"To you the gift is perilous, in ſafety while you
run,
It is only when upriſing that you tempt the
levell'd gun;
Would that I could rid you of thoſe wings you
raſhly wear,
And plant upon my back inſtead, a well-propor-
tioned pair.

V.

"Think of *Victory* defeated, as to triumph on ſhe
ſped,
Think of *Boaſter*, terror-ſtricken, as my pinions
I outſpread;
Think of *Crafty's* baffled cunning, think of *Vul-
pecide's* deſpair,
Think of *Leveller's* amazement, as I mounted in
mid-air!

VI.

"To the Huntſman, when at fault, then I jeer-
ingly would cry,
'Not gone to ground is the fox you found, but
loſt in a cloudy ſky!'

Or, perch'd upon ſome tree-top, looking down-
wards at the group,
And, lifting to one ear a pad, would halloo there,
'Who whoop!'"

VII.

"Thank you, kindly," ſaid the Pheaſant, "true
it is that, while I run,
No worthy mark I offer to attract the murderous
gun;
But ſay, ſhould hunger pinch you, could a Phea-
ſant-cock rely
On the abſtinence of friendſhip, if he had not
wings to fly?"

MORAL.

Self, Self it is that rules us all—when hounds
begin to race,
To aid a friend in grief would you reſign a for-
ward place?
When planted at the brook, o'er which your
rival's horſe has flown,
Don't you wiſh the rider in it, and the rider's
luck your own?

The Stranger's Story.

PART I.—THE BREAKFAST.

FOUR friends, all ſcarlet-coated,
Eager all to join the pack,
At the breakfaſt board were ſeated,
Jem and Jerry, Ned and Jack.

Giant Jem, a ponderous horſeman,
With a bull-like head and throttle,
O'er each boot a calf expanding,
Like a cork in ſoda bottle;

Still to add Jem never ſcrupled,
When the beef was on his plate,
To the four ſtone he quadrupled,
Many a pound of extra weight.

Jerry, bent on competition,
Spread his napkin underneath,
But the tongue's untiring motion
Check'd the action of his teeth.

He told them what he had done
On his cheſtnut and his grey,
And when that tale was ended,
What he meant to do to-day.

Ned was booted to perfection,
Better rider there was none,
But jealouſy, when mounted,
Was the ſpur that prick'd him on.

To him the run was wormwood,
No enjoyment in the burſt,
Unleſs he led the gallop,
And was foremoſt of the firſt.

Jack, who never ſaid, like Horner,
"How good a boy am I,"
Sat liſtening at the corner
Of the table meek and ſhy;

No word he ſpoke, till queſtion'd
On what horſe he rode to-day?
Then modeſtly he anſwer'd,
"I have nothing but the Bay."

Breakfaſt over on they canter,
Till the covert-ſide they reach;
When you hear my ſtory ended,
You will know the worth of each.

PART II.—THE DINNER.

At night again they gather'd
Round a board of ample fare,

And though myſelf a ſtranger gueſt,
They bade me welcome there.

Jem, Jerry, Ned, ſwaſhbucklers
You'd have thought by their diſcourſe,
Each alternately extolling
Firſt himſelf and then his horſe.

Giant Jem, a road-abider,
One who ſeldom riſk'd a fall,
The line the fox had taken,
He deſcrib'd it beſt of all.

Told them where he croſs'd the river,
Told them where he fac'd the hill,
Told them too, and thought it true,
That he himſelf had ſeen the kill.

Jerry's tongue ſtill faſter prattled
As the wine-cup wet his lips ;
Had the pack apace thus rattled,
'Twould have baffled an Eclipſe.

Nought I felt would baffle Jerry,
From the find until the death,
No rate of ſpeed would e'er ſucceed
To put him out of breath.

Ned was far in commendation
Of himſelf ahead of each,

Still there lurk'd *amari aliquid*
Beneath his flowers of ſpeech.

Still jarr'd ſome note diſcordant,
As he blew the trumpet loud,
Still dimm'd the radiant glory
Of the day ſome little cloud.

At each daring deed of horſemanſhip
Amazement I expreſs;
'Mid ſuch mighty men of valour
Which the mightieſt? who could gueſs?

Till at length a tell-tale offer
Set the queſtion quite at reſt;
Nor could I doubt which, out and out,
Of the four had ſeen it beſt.

Jack had never ſaid, like Horner,
"How good a boy am I,"
But I ſaw within the corner
Of his lid a twinkle ſly;

When to Jack, though in a whiſper,
Ned was overheard to ſay,
"If you'll take four hundred for him,
You ſhall have it for the Bay."

The Lovers' Quarrel.

FOR a maid fair and young to the portal was led,
For her paſtime one morning, a bay thorough-bred;
At once with light ſtep to the ſaddle ſhe bounds,
Then away to the crowd which encircled the hounds.

'Mid the many who moved in that buſtle and ſtir,
There was one, one whoſe heart lay a-bleeding for her;
One who thought, tho' as yet he approach'd not her ſide,
With what care, if need were, he would guard her and guide.

To and fro waves the gorſe as the hounds are thrown in,
'Tis a fox, and glad voices the chorus begin;
That maiden's keen eye, o'er the creſt of her bay,
Was the firſt to detect him when ſtealing away.

As ſhe ſhot through the crowd at the covert-ſide gate,
" 'Tis the ſame gallant fox that outſtripp'd us of late;
The darling old fox!" ſhe exclaimed, with delight,
Then away like a dart to o'ertake the firſt flight.

Tho' he took the old line, the old pace was ſurpaſs'd,
(He will own a good ſteed, he who lives to the laſt,)
Her own ſhe preſs'd on without fear, for ſhe knew
She was mounted on one that would carry her through.

She had kept her own place with a feeling of pride,
When her ear caught the voice of a youth alongſide,
" There's a fence on ahead that no lady ſhould face,
Turn aſide to the left—I will ſhow you the place."

Women moſtly, they ſay, love to take their own line,

Giving thanks for advice which they mean to
decline ;
Whether women accept the advice or oppoſe it,
Depends, I think, much on the man who be-
ſtows it.

That voice ſeem'd to fall on her ear like a ſpell,
She turn'd, for ſhe thought ſhe could truſt it right
well ;
To the field on the left they diverted their
flight—
At that moment the pack took a turn to the
right.

" Perſevere," ſaid the youth, " let us gain the
beechwood,
The old fox will aſſuredly make his point good ;"
Knowing ſcarce what ſhe did, ſhe ſtill preſs'd on
the bay,
Nor found out till too late, they were both led
aſtray.

Youth and maid they ſtood ſtill when they reach'd
the wood-ſide,
Forlorn, then, the hope any further to ride ;
In deſpair they look round, but no movement
eſpy,
Not a hound to be ſeen either diſtant or nigh.

Both ſilent there ſtood they—indignant the maid,
The youth ſtung with grief at the part he had play'd;
Still he thought, from the wreck he had made of the day,
That ſome treaſure of hope he might yet bear away.

Thus the ſilence he broke: "Until hunting were done
I had hop'd, deareſt maid, this avowal to ſhun,
Till the ſeaſon were over to practiſe reſtraint,
Nor to vex you till then with a lover's complaint.

But the moment is come, and the moment I ſeize,
Thoſe glances of anger let pity appeaſe,
Leave me—leave me no longer in anguiſh and doubt,
While I live you ſhall never again be thrown out."

"Is it thus," ſhe exclaimed, "that a bride can be won?
Wretched man that you are, you have loſt me my run!

Farewell! nor the hand of a huntreſs purſue,
When the whip which it graſps is deſervedly due."

Though that lover rode home the moſt wretched of men,
Though that maid vow'd a vow they ſhould ne'er meet again,
Love laughs at the quarrels of lovers they ſay,
When the ſeaſon was o'er, they were married in May.

'Tis Sixty Years Since.

YOUR heart is freſh as ever, Ned,
Although your head be white;
We muſt crack another bottle, Ned,
Before we ſay good-night;
Our legs acroſs the ſaddle
Though we fling them never more,
We may reſt them on the fender
While we talk our gallops o'er."

"By you 'tis ſomewhat hard, Jack,
Old Grizzle to be called,
You know that head of yours, Jack,
Is altogether bald.
Still I'm good, my jolly fellow,

For another flaſk of port,
In memory of thoſe merry days
When fox-hunting was ſport."

" How ſorely, Ned, our Eton odes
Tormented thoſe who ſcann'd 'em,
The traces were our longs and ſhorts,
Our gradus was the tandem ;
Bob Davis for our tutor,
With that colt—ſtill four years old,
Though ten ſince he was leader,
And ten more ſince he was foal'd.

" Unaw'd by impoſitions,
While the lecture-room we ſhirk'd,
At our little go in hunting
With what diligence we work'd ;
When from Canterbury gateway
We ſpurr'd the Oxford hack,
A ſhilling every mileſtone
Till we reach'd the Biceſter pack ;

" Right welcome there the ſport to ſhare,
Himſelf ſo much enjoyed,
How kindly were we ſhaken
By the hand of old Griff Lloyd ;
How we plunged into the river,
Led and cheer'd by Jerſey's call :

'Come on!' he cried, 'the ſtream is wide
And deep enough for all.'

"How intenſe the admiration
Which to Heythrop's Duke we bore,
Riding royally to covert
In his chariot-and-four;
Cigars, as yet a novelty,
His Grace's ire provoking,
'What chance to pick the ſcent up,
Filthy fellows! they are ſmoking.'

"The cheer of Philip Payne as he
The echoing woodlands drew,
The ſcarlet coats contending
With the coats of buff and blue;
Stone walls o'er which without a hitch
The thoroughbred ones flew,
While blown and tir'd the hunter hir'd
Roll'd like a ſpent ball through."

"Well, Jack, do I remember
With what glee we ſallied forth
To the fixtures of Ralph Lambton
When our home was in the North;
How, when the day was over,
We around the Sedgefield fire,
Sang 'Ballinamoniora'
In honour of the Squire.

" And that week with old Sir Harry
Which at Tarporley we ſpent,
Where Cheſter's dewy paſtures
Are renown'd for holding ſcent;
Where Dorfold's Squire o'er ſaddle flaps
Unpadded threw his leg,
Where ſtride for ſtride, rode ſide by ſide,
Sir Richard and John Glegg.

" That Rupert of the hunting-field,
Tom Smith the lion-hearted,
Where grew the fence, where flow'd the ſtream,
Could baffle him when ſtarted?
A game-cock in the battle ring,
An eagle in his flight,
A ſhooting ſtar when mounted,
But a fixed one in the fight.

" Where now that manly ſcience
Which we witneſs'd in the match,
When Crib by ſwarthy Molyneux
Was challeng'd to the ſcratch?
Where now thoſe ruddy rectors
Who the field ſo often led?
Youth needs muſt chaſe the ſteeple
Since the parſon hides his head."

" Though no longer what we were, Ned,
Ere the reign of good Queen Vic,

Methinks we ſtill could teach them
How their fathers did the trick;
I hold the young ones cheap, Ned——"
"Huſh, your ſon is at the door,
With his pipe of Latakia,
We had better ſay no more."

The Cloſe of the Seaſon.

SPRING! I will give you the reaſon in rhyme
Why for hunting I hold it the pleaſanteſt time,
When the gorſe 'gins to bloſſom, the hazel to ſprout,
When Spring flowers and Spring captains together come out.

When with ſmiles and with ſunſhine all nature looks gay,
When the fair one, equipped in freſh hunting array,
No ſplaſh of mud dirt to encumber the ſkirt,
Though no fox ſhould be found, may find leiſure to flirt.

When aſſured of ſucceſs, ere the ſteeplechaſe day,
Jones writes to his tailor imploring delay,

When the ſilk jacket wins he will pay for the pink,
Is the promiſe, when written, worth paper and ink?

November's young fox, as yet timid and ſhy,
O'er a country unknown will ſcarce venture to fly;
One ſpared through the winter to wander aſtray,
Leads the pack ſtoutly back to his home far away.

Chill'd by checks and wrong caſts, which the ſcurry impede,
You may chance in December to loſe a good ſteed;
And what rider unvex'd can his temper reſtrain,
Urging home a tired hunter through darkneſs and rain!

Trotting homeward in Spring on the hope we rely
That we reach it ere dark with our hunting-coat dry;
The horſe undiſtreſs'd by the work he has done,
The rider well pleaſed with his place in the run.

This world, can it ſhow ſuch a picture of woe
As a frozen-out Maſter impriſon'd in ſnow?
His feet on the fender he rides his arm-chair,
Even 'Baily' avails not to ſoothe his deſpair.

Old ſteeds there may be, ſhowing ſigns of decay,
Lagging laſt in the field where they once led the way,
With the glory o'er-burthen'd of gallops bygone,
Leſs of ſpring in their action as Spring cometh on.

Good ſport with good cheer merry Chriſtmas may bring,
But the joy of all joys is a gallop in Spring,
By the thought, when a brook we encounter made bold,
That the ſtream is leſs rapid, the water leſs cold.

When each cheer is by ſong of ſweet birds echoed back,
Their muſic a prelude to that of the pack;
When clouds ſoft and ſoutherly ſtreak the blue ſky,
When the turf is elaſtic and ſcent is breaſt high.

Pleaſure's ſweetneſs, ſays Moore, is ſo ſlow to come forth,
That ne'er till it dies do we know half its worth;

What the joy which firſt welcomes the ſport when begun,
To the keenneſs inſpired by the ſeaſon's laſt run!

POSTSCRIPT.

Exceptions there will be, and Spring, as we know,
On her face will ſometimes wear a maſk of white ſnow,
A note of this fact we may henceforth affix
To March eighteen hundred and ſeventy-ſix.

Such grieves us the more, ſince to viſit our ſhore
And to ſhare in our ſport, a fair Empreſs came o'er;
Still, howe'er chill and cheerleſs our climate this year,
Warm hearts are not wanting to welcome her here.

Oft again may her preſence our hunting field grace,
When Spring more invitingly ſmiles on the chaſe;
Well indeed in that ſport may all England take pride,
Which can lure ſuch a gueſt here a-hunting to ride.

Lines

ON READING AN EXTRACT FROM THE HUNTING DIARY OF VERNON DELVES BROUGHTON, ESQ., SHOWING HOW AND WHERE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS KILLED THEIR GOOSEHOLME FOX ON 29TH NOVEMBER, 1872.

A FOX, by the pack ſorely preſs'd in his flight,
Reaching Marſton St. Lawrence began to take fright;
In the houſekeeper's room how alarming the craſh,
As he ſhot like a thunderbolt in at the ſaſh!
They ſcreech'd with one voice when he firſt came in view,
But the halloa they gave was a hullaballoo;
Such a duſt was ne'er raiſ'd in that parlour before
As now raiſ'd by the bruſh which was ſweeping the floor;
Too late the old butler indignantly cried
'Not at home,' the whole pack was already inſide;
Though the houſewife's preſerves harbour'd mice by the ſcore,
No fox until now had ſet foot in her ſtore.

Array'd in her beſt, the laſt perquiſite gown,
Alas! for the lady's maid, poor Mrs. Brown,
Much diſtreſs'd by the worry, the gown which
ſhe wore
Like the fox torn to pieces ſtill worried her
more;
The table o'erturn'd, and the teacups diſperſ'd,
Such a break-up before never ended a burſt;
The ſervants pick'd up broken platter and bowl;
They call'd ever after that parlour Pug's hole,
And a pad, which next morning was found on
the floor,
By the Page as a trophy was nail'd to the door.

Lines

FOR INSCRIPTION ON THE STONE INTENDED TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE THE TWO GENTLEMEN, WHOSE BOAT WAS UPSET ON LOCHQUOICH, WERE FORTUNATELY LANDED.

"Mr. Allſopp and Mr. Burton, of Burton-on-Trent, have had a narrow eſcape from drowning. On Friday laſt they went out fiſhing on Lochquoich, the boat was upſet and they were thrown into the water. Clinging to the ſide of the boat they were drifted aſhore on M'Phee's Iſland, a diſtance of about 1,000 yards from the ſcene of the accident. They were much exhauſted, and experienced great difficulty in wading aſhore through the heavy ſurf."

MALT and Hops while here afloat
Together in a fiſhing-boat,
On which of them to lay the fault
We know not, whether Hops or Malt;
But though oppoſ'd to heavy wet,
Between them they the boat upſet;
Hops and Malt it little ſuited
To be to ſuch extent diluted;
For who would of the brew partake
When moiſten'd by a whole Scotch lake!
Scarce left was any ſpirit more
In either, when they reach'd the ſhore,
Moſt thankful that they both had not
By this diſaſter gone to pot;
The ſtrength which bitter ale ſupplied
The bitterneſs of death defied,
Or they, by water carried here,
Had hence been carried on their *bier*.

Beyond the Tweed on fiſhing bent,
Or brewing on the banks of Trent,
We truſt their boat may like their ale
Henceforth maintain a ſteady *ſail*.

Epitaph

ON the Duke of Wellington's Charger, "Copenhagen," ſo named from the circumſtance of his having been foaled in the year of that battle. He was buried at Strathfieldſaye, February, 1836.

WITH years o'erburden'd, ſunk the battle ſteed;—
War's funeral honours to his duſt decreed;
A foal when Cathcart overpower'd the Dane,
And Gambier's fleet deſpoil'd the northern main,
'Twas his to tread the Belgian field, and bear
A mightier chief to prouder triumphs there!
Let Strathfieldſaye to wondering patriots tell
How Welleſley wept when "*Copenhagen*" fell.

Epitaph on A. B. C. by X. Y. Z.

I LAID his bones beneath the greenwood tree,
And wept, like ſchoolboy, o'er my A. B. C.

On a Thorn Tree planted over the Grave of "Miſs Miggs," a Brood Mare.

WITH a thorn in her ſide the old mare we inter,
Though alive ſhe ne'er needed the prick of a ſpur.
Six colts and eight fillies the ſtock that ſhe bred,
Each in turn firſt and foremoſt the hunting field led.
This thorn if it rival the produce ſhe foal'd,
Will be hung in due ſeaſon with apples of gold;
But whate'er fruit it bear it will not bear a *ſloe*,
For no thorn ſave a *quick* thorn can out of her grow.

The Roebuck at Toft.

AN OLD WAYSIDE INN REMOVED IN 1864.

ON the Mail have I travell'd times many and oft,
Looking out for the ſign of the Roebuck at Toft;
Or and gules was the blazonry, party per pale,
The head was attir'd like the haunches and tail,

In his muzzle an olive branch proper was ſtuck,
And the villagers call'd him the bloody-tail'd Buck.

The Cheſtnut-tree well I remember whoſe ſhade
Overhung the bright tints which the Roebuck
diſplay'd;
And the bench which invited the weary to reſt,
And mine Hoſt who came out with a mug of his
beſt!
They have fell'd the old tree, they have ſtopp'd
the old mail,
And alas! the old cellar is empty of ale;
And now from the poſt, where he ſwung high
and dry,
They have pull'd down the Roebuck—I wiſh I
knew why—
I dare not inquire at the Jerryſhop near,
Or the man might inſiſt on my taſting his beer.

Charade.

THE Squire, on his Grey,
Has been hunting all day,
So at night let him drown his fatigue in the
bowl;
But ere quenching his thirſt,
To get rid of my *firſt*,
Let him call for my *ſecond* to bring him my
whole.

Welſh Hunting.

A MOST ſingular freak of a pack of hounds was witneſſed at Pontypridd laſt week. The pack belonged to Mr. George Thomas, Yſtradmynach, and were returning from the hunt, when, on coming into the town, they ran into the ſhop of Mr. Jenkins, grocer, and out again immediately, but with no leſs than ſeven pounds of tallow candles, which they ravenouſly devoured in the ſtreet.—*Court Journal.*

1869.

I.

WHERE Jenkins, in Wales,
Soap and candles retails,
The pack, in deſpite of their Whip,
They took up the ſcent,
And away they went,
Each one with a tallow dip.

II.

With a good ſeven pounds
Theſe hungry hounds,
Away! and away! they go,
While joining the chace
Follow'd Jenkins' beſt pace,
Shouting "Tallow! Tallow-Ho!"

Paraphraſe by a Maſter of Hounds.

Si j'avance ſuivez moi; ſi je recule
Tuez moi; ſi je tombe vengez moi.
HENRI DE LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN.

FOLLOW, when I take the lead;
Paſs me, when I fail in ſpeed;
But I pray you, one and all,
Jump not on me when I fall!

Epigram on a hard-riding Youth named Taylor.

TAYLOR by name, but in no other ſenſe,
No tailor is he when he faces a fence;
To one Taylor alone can I fitly compare him, he
Reminds me, out hunting, of good Biſhop Jeremy;
For when fences are ſtiff, and the field does not
fancy 'em,
Doctor he then may be call'd *Dubitantium;*
And, when pitch'd from the ſaddle, he falls on
his crown,
He reminds me again of the Biſhop of *Down.*

Inſcription

ON A GARDEN SEAT FORMED FROM THE BONES OF AN OLD RACER.

I.

STILL, tho' bereft of ſpeed,
Compell'd to carry weight;
Alas! unhappy ſteed,
Death cannot change my fate.

II.

Upon the turf ſtill ridden,
Denied a grave below,
My weary bones forbidden
The reſt that they beſtow.

NOTES.

NOTES TO THE HUNTING SONGS.

Note 1.

Wells in the ſaddle is ſeated.

WELLS was a huntſman of the old ſchool, whoſe like is ſeldom ſeen in theſe degenerate days. He appears to have adopted the maxim of the old Corniſh huntſman—"Maſter finds horſe, and I find neck." He doated upon every hound in his pack, with as much fondneſs as a father feels for his children. In the courſe of his career he fractured his ribs twice, and broke his collar-bone ſeven times. After living ſix-and-thirty years under different managers of the Bedfordſhire Hounds, during twenty-four of which he hunted them himſelf, he came to Mr. Wickſted, with whom he remained during the eleven years that he hunted the Woore Country. He was then engaged by Sir Thomas Boughey, and died in his ſervice, March 30th, 1847.

Note 2.

The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major.

The Rev. Henry Tomkinſon, Vicar of Davenham; the Rev. James Tomkinſon (the Squire of Dorfold); and Major (the late Colonel) Tomkinſon of the Willingtons.

NOTE 3.

The Ford they call Charlie.

Charles Ford, Eſq., was at that time one of the moſt active members of the Gorſe Cover Committee.

NOTE 4.

While I've health to go hunting with Charley.

Charles Wickſted, Eſq., the hero of this Song, hunted the Woore Country from the year 1825 to the year 1836.

It was ever Mr. Wickſted's chief delight to know that his hounds had afforded a good day's ſport to his friends, though no one enjoyed a run more keenly, or deſcribed one with more enthuſiaſm than himſelf. The "Woore Country" was written in the year 1830, in reply to the following ſong called the "Cheſhire Hunt," of which Mr. Wickſted was the Author.

The Cheſhire Hunt.

SONG.

Come, awake from your ſlumbers, jump out of your bed,
Drink your tea, mount your hack, and away to Well Head;
For who'd be behindhand, or like to be late,
When Sir Harry's fleet pack at the coverſide wait?
Derry down, down, &c.

Thoſe ſons of old Bedford, ſo prized by George Heron,
So quick at a caſt, and ſo ready to turn;
If with theſe faſt hounds you would play a good part,
Both the rider and horſe muſt be quick at a ſtart.

Hark! hark! they have found him! who would not rejoice
At the ſoul-ſtirring ſound of old Victor's loud voice?
He's away, I declare! don't you hear? there's a hollow,—
And now we will ſee how the gentlemen follow.

But now let me aſk who is thruſting along,
So anxious the firſt to get out of the throng?
Who's cramming his mare up yon ſteep rotten bank?
With the rein on her neck, and both ſpurs in her flank?

There's ſcarcely a young one, and ne'er an old ſtager,
For the firſt twenty minutes can live with the Major; *
Though ſuppoſing this run for an hour ſhould laſt,
I hope he won't find he has ſtarted too faſt.

Who, glued to his ſaddle, with his horſe ſeems to fly?
'Tis a Lancaſhire Lord,† who is worth a "Jew's eye;"
In this run I will wager he'll keep a front ſeat,
For unleſs his horſe ſtops he can never be beat.

With a ſeat that's ſo graceful, a hand that's ſo light,
Now racing beſide him comes Leiceſterſhire White; ‡
Not yet gone to Melton, he this day for his pleaſure,
Condeſcends to be rural, and hunt with the Cheſhire.

Who's charging that raſper? do tell me, I beg,
With both hands to his bridle, and ſwinging his leg;
On that very long mare, whoſe ſides are ſo flat,
With the head of a buffalo, tail of a rat?

'Tis the gallant Sir Richard,§ a rum one to follow,
Who dearly loves lifting the hounds to a hollow;
A ſtraightforward man who no jealouſy knows,
And forgets all his pains when a hunting he goes.

Then next ſnug and quiet, without noiſe or bother,
On Sheffielder comes, the brave Colonel, his brother;
He keeps ſteadily onward, no obſtacle fears,
Like thoſe true Britiſh heroes, the bold Grenadiers.

---

* Major Tomkinſon.
† The late Earl of Sefton.
‡ John White, Eſq.
§ Sir Richard Brooke, Bt.

But who to the field is now making his bow ?
'Tis the Squire of Dorfold on famed Harry Gow ;
That preſerver of foxes, that friend of the ſport,
Though he proves no preſerver—of claret and port.

And who's that, may I aſk, who in purple is clad,
Riding wide of the pack, and tight holding his pad ?
'Tis a bruiſing top-ſawyer, and if there's a run,
The Rector of Davenham will ſee all the fun.

Now huſtling and buſtling, and rolling about,
And puſhing his way through the midſt of the rout,
Little Ireland * comes on, for a front place he ſtrives,
Through rough and through ſmooth he his Tilbury drives.

Pray get out of the way ; at the fence why ſo tarry ?
Don't you ſee down upon us is coming Sir Harry ? †
And if you don't mind, you may perhaps rue the day,
When like Wellington you were upſet by a Grey.

This Grey he can't hold, though his hand is not weak,
And his bit you may ſee has a very long cheek ;
But if the firſt flight he can't keep in his eye,
To be thereabouts he will gallantly try.

Now, leaving the crowd, our attention we fix
Upon two knowing ſportſmen, both riding with ſticks ;
The firſt ſo renowned on the turf, Squire France,
Who on his young Milo will lead them a dance.

The next is John Glegg, and I really don't brag,
When I ſay no one better can ride a good nag ;
A good nag when he has one, I mean—by the bye,
Do you know who has got one ? he's wanting to buy.

---

* Ireland Blackburne, Eſq. † Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bt.

Now racing along with the foremoſt you ſee,
Quite determined to go, Charley Ford, on the Pea ;
This moment ecſtatic, this joy of the chace,
His regrets for old Paddy can ſcarcely efface.

For Walmſley on Paddy has juſt now paſt by,
And on him poor Charley has caſt a ſheep's eye ;
But ne'er mind, for no pleaſure's without its alloy,
And ſome day you'll again have a good one, "my boy."

Who's that ? I can't ſee, by "his figure I know, tho',"
It can be no other than Hammond * on Otho ;
If practice makes perfect, he's nothing to fear,
For his nag has been practiſed for many a year.

Going ſtraight to the hounds, never known to caſt wider,
Now comes little Rowley,† the ſteeple-chace rider ;
Harry Brooke his antagoniſt, quiet and ſteady,
And Stanley ‡ who always for buſineſs is ready.

Then there's Squire Harper, whom ſome may call ſlow,
But I've ſeen him ride well when he chooſes to go ;
Little Jemmy § comes next, and of danger ſhows ſenſe,
From the back of Surveyor, ſurveying the fence.

But the pride of all Cheſhire, the bold Delamere,
Alas ! I can't ſhow you, for he is not here ;
His collar-bone's broken, don't be in a fright,
His ſpirit's not broken, he'll ſoon be all right.

And now having told you the whole of the field
All Cheſhire men true to no others will yield ;
Whilſt the ſparkling bottle is going its rounds
Let us drink to Sir Harry—Will Head and the hounds.

---

* James W. Hammond, Eſq., of Wiſtaſton.
† Rowland Egerton Warburton, Eſq., of Arley.
‡ Hon. W. O. Stanley.
§ James Tomkinſon, Eſq., of Davenham.

NOTE 5.

Our glaſs a Quæſitum.

At the Tarporley Hunt meeting, all toaſts conſidered worthy of the honour are drunk in a "Quæſitum," a name given to the glaſſes from the inſcription they bear, "Quæſitum meritis."

NOTE 6.

Once more a view hollow from old Oulton Lowe!

A gorſe cover belonging to Sir Philip Egerton, formerly in great repute, but which of late years had never held a fox. The Run mentioned in the Song took place on the 16th Feb. 1833.

NOTE 7.

The Willington Mare.

The property of Major Tomkinſon of the Willingtons. She was ſtaked during the run and died the next day.

NOTE 8.

To ſee the Black Squire how he rode the black mare.

The Rev. James Tomkinſon of Dorfold.

NOTE 9.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France.

Mr. Brittain of Cheſter. Mr. France of Boſtock Hall.

NOTE 10.

Little Ireland kept up like his nameſake the Nation.

Mr. Ireland Blackburne of Hale.

NOTE 11.

The Maiden who rides like a man.

Joe Maiden was Huntſman to the Cheſhire Hounds, from the year 1832 to 1844. In that capacity, as far as my experience extends, I have never ſeen his equal. He

was moreover as pleaſant a companion to ride home with after a run as any gentleman could deſire. After continuing in Mr. White's ſervice for two years, and after having acted, during the interval, as Hoſt of the Bluecap at Sandiway Head, he was engaged in 1846 by Mr. Davenport to undertake the North Staffordſhire Hounds. During the time that he hunted the North Warwickſhire, under Mr. Shaw, he met with the accident which crippled him for the remainder of his life, ſlipping with one leg into the boiling copper. Suffering more ſeverely from the effects of this as he advanced in age, he underwent the amputation of his leg in the year 1856. He died on the 20th of October, 1864, aged 69, and was buried at Maer.

So long as this fine old fellow was able to croſs a ſaddle with his wooden limb, I generally heard from him at the beginning of every hunting ſeaſon, and within two years of the time of his death I received from him the following touching letter:

"Wolſtanton,
"Nov. 17, 1862.

"SIR,

"I have taken the liberty of ſending you a liſt of our hounds. It has been the worſt ſcenting ſeaſon I ever ſaw, our beſt day was on Friday laſt.

"Theſe hounds will be leaving here ſhortly to go to Trentham, the ſeat of the Duke of Sutherland. I don't go with them. I ſhall ſtop here the winter, and I don't intend going with hounds any more. I have Rheumatic very bad at times and cannot ride to hounds, this being my 54 ſeaſon with Hounds.

"I have a very good entry, and they are all going on well.

"I remain, Sir,
"Your obedient Servt.
"J. MAIDEN."

The following liſt will complete the ſucceſſion of Cheſhire huntſmen from the time of Joe Maiden to the preſent day. William Markwell came in 1844, and hunted the pack for ten years. In 1854 came George Whitmore; in 1856, David Edwards; in 1859, Henry Maſon; Peter Colliſon, ſucceeding in 1860, came into Cheſhire on Mr. Baker's reſignation of the North Warwickſhire. Leaving in 1869, he was engaged as Huntſman to the York and Ainſley, when John Jones, his firſt-whip, was deſervedly promoted to fill the vacancy.

NOTE 12.

In the pride of his heart then the Manager cried.

Sir H. Mainwaring, who was Manager of the Cheſhire Hounds for a period of 19 years.

NOTE 13.

Come along Little Rowley.

Mr. Egerton-Warburton of Arley.

NOTE 14.

The Baron from Hanover hollowed whoo-whoop.

Baron Oſten, a Hanoverian, long diſtinguiſhed as an officer in the Engliſh ſervice. His hunting accident, and miraculous eſcape from a lion in the Eaſt Indies, are well known:—

By the king of the foreſt, out hunting one day,
The Baron was captured and carried away;
The king in his turn by the hunt was beſet,
Or the *Baron* had been but a *Baron-eat*.

NOTE 15.

Oh! where and oh! where was the Wiſtaſton ſteed?

The property of Mr. Hammond, of Wiſtaſton.

NOTE 16.

The Ceſtrian Cheſtnut.

The property of Sir Philip Egerton.

NOTE 17.

Where now is Dollgoſh? where the Racer from Da'enham?

"Dollgoſh" belonged to Mr. Ford, and the "Racer" to Mr. James Tomkinſon, of Davenham.

NOTE 18.

Save at the Swan.

The Swan is the name of the Inn at which the Hunt Meeting is held.

NOTE 19.

France ten to one.

The Half-bred Stakes at Tarporley had for the ten years previous to 1834, with but two exceptions, been won by Mr. France of Boſtock.

NOTE 20.

Brown foreſt of Mara! whoſe bounds were of yore,
From Kelſborrow's Caſtle outſtretch'd to the ſhore.

"The diſtrict extending from the banks of the Merſey to the South boundary of the late Foreſt, was deſignated as the Foreſt of Mara, whilſt that of Mondrem ſtretched in the direction of Nantwich.

"It appears from Doomſday, that the attention of the Earls of Cheſter, in the taſte of the ſovereigns of the time, had been directed at that early period to forming chaces for their diverſion. The Earl's Foreſt is noticed in ſeveral inſtances, and it likewiſe appears that it was not only formed of lands then found waſte, but that ſeveral vills had been afforeſted for the expreſs purpoſe of adding to its limits." —ORMEROD'S *Hiſtory of Cheſhire*, vol. ii. p. 50.

NOTE 21.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds to ſeize.

"The Maſter-Foreſterſhip of the whole was conferred by Randle I. in the twelfth century, on Ralph de Kingſley, to hold the ſame by tenure of a horn."—ORMEROD, vol. ii. p. 50.

Amongſt the liſt of claims aſſerted by the Maſter-Foreſter, are the following:—

"And claymeth to have the latter pannage in the ſaid Forreſt, and claymeth to have windfallen wood * * *

"He claymeth to have all money for agiſtment of hogs within the ſaid Foreſt * * *

"And as to wayfe, he claymeth to have every wayfe and ſtray beaſt as his own, after proclamation ſhall be made and not challenged as he manner is."—ORMEROD, vol. ii. p. 52.

NOTE 22.

Whene'er his liege lord choſe a hunting to ride.

"Cheſhire tradition aſſerts that the ancient foreſters were bound to uſe this horn, and attend in their office with two white greyhounds, whenever the Earl was diſpoſed to honour the Foreſt of Delamere with his preſence in the chace."—ORMEROD, vol. ii. p. 55.

NOTE 23.

It paſſed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

The Dones of Utkinton ſucceeded the Kingſleys as Chief-Foreſters. On the termination of this line, in 1715, the Foreſterſhip paſſed to Richard Arderne, and through him to the Lords Alvanley.

NOTE 24.

Thou Palatine prophet, whoſe fame I revere.

Robert Nixon was born in the pariſh of Over. "The birth of this individual," ſays Ormerod, "has been aſſigned

to the time of Edward the Fourth, but a ſecond ſtory alſo exiſts, which refers him to the time of James the Firſt; a date palpably falſe, as many of the ſuppoſed prophecies were to be fulfilled at an antecedent period.

"He is ſaid to have attracted the Royal notice by foretelling in Cheſhire the reſult of the battle of Boſworth, on recovering from ſudden ſtupor with which he was ſeized while the battle was fighting in Leiceſterſhire, and to have been ſent for to Court ſhortly afterwards, where he was ſtarved (or, to uſe his own expreſſion, clemmed) to death through forgetfulneſs, in a manner which he himſelf had predicted."

NOTE 25.

A foot with two heels and a hand with three thumbs.

Amongſt the prophecies of Nixon are the following:—

"There ſhall be a miller named Peter,
"With two heels on one foot." * *
"A boy ſhall be born with three thumbs on one hand,
"Who ſhall hold three Kings' horſes,
"Whilſt England is three times won and loſt in one day,
"But after this ſhall be happy days."
"Twenty hundred horſes ſhall want maſters,
"Till their girths rot under their bellies."

NOTE 26.

Here hunted the Scot whom too wiſe to ſhow fight.

King James' diverſion on the foreſt of Delamere, when returning from Scotland, is thus deſcribed in Webb's Itinerary:—

"Making the houſe of Vale Royal four days his royal court, he ſolaced himſelf and took pleaſing entertainment in his diſports in the foreſt. * * * * * And where his Majeſty, the day following, had ſuch ſucceſsful pleaſure in the hunting of his own hounds of a ſtag

to death, as it pleaſed him graciouſly to calculate the hours, and confer with the keepers, and his honourable attendants, of the particular events in that ſport, and to queſtion them whether they ever ſaw or heard of the like expedition, and true performance of hounds well hunting. At which his Highneſs Princely contentment we had much cauſe to rejoice; and the rather for that the diligence and ſervice of Sir John Done had ſo proſperouſly prepared his Majeſty's ſports, which he alſo as graciouſly accepted."

NOTE 27.

Behold in the ſoil of our foreſt once more.

By the act of Parliament for the encloſure of Delamere Foreſt, paſſed in 1812, one moiety of the whole is allotted to the ſhare of the King, to be kept under the direction of the Surveyor General of Woods and Foreſts, as a nurſery for timber only.

NOTE 28.

Where 'twixt the whalebones the widow ſat down.

Maria Hollingſworth, a German by birth, the widow of an Engliſh ſoldier. Near two ribs of a whale which ſtood on Delamere Foreſt, ſhe conſtructed for herſelf a hut, and reſided there during ſeveral years.

NOTE 29.

The Spectre Stag.

The ſubject of this ballad is taken from a collection of German traditions in French, there entitled, "La Chapelle de la Fôret."

The tale of a foreſt phantom, we are told by Sir W. Scott, in the Preface to his tranſlation of the Wild Jager, is univerſally believed in Germany. This phantom has often been the ſubject of poetry, but the final cataſtrophe to the Baron's hunting career, thus deſcribed in the legend, I do not recollect to have ſeen mentioned elſewhere:—

" Voyant le chaſſeur noir s'avancer droit à lui, il ſonna du cor pour appeler ſes gens ; mais il le fit avec une telle force que les veines ſe crevèrent ; il tomba mort de ſon cheval. Ses deſcendans firent bâtir en cet endroit une chapelle où ils fondèrent un bénéfice."

NOTE 30.

" On the ſtag he would have ſlaughter'd,
Was his naked body bound."

The ghoſt of another *chaſſeur*, whoſe hiſtory is given in the ſame collection, makes the following confeſſion :—

" J'ai fait enchaîner et river ſur des cerfs plus de cent des malheureux braconniers, les faiſant pourſuivre par mes chiens juſqu'à ce qu'ils tombaſſent quelque part, et que le malheureux qu'ils portaient rendit l'âme au milieu des tourmens."

NOTE 31.

A Bedford, a Gloſter, to life we reſtore.

Bedford, Gloſter, Nelſon, and Victory, were the names of hounds in the Cheſhire kennel.

NOTE 32.

Mine be the warfare unſullied with guilt.

" Image of war without its guilt."—SOMERVILE.

NOTE 33.

The Tantivy Trot.

This ſong was written in the year 1834, at the requeſt of Charles Ford, Eſq., for Cracknall, the Coachman of the Birmingham Tantivy, who once drove it at a fitting one hundred and twenty-five miles. Some years after I ſaw it printed in an article by Nimrod in the New Sporting Magazine, and attributed by him to a young " Cantab."

NOTE 34.

The tent of the Bey.

This tent was brought by Lord Hill from Egypt. It originally belonged to the famous Murad Bey.

NOTE 35.

We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer.

The prize given by Lord Hill was won by Miſs Eyton.

NOTE 36.

"The Picture of the Cheſhire Hunt," purchaſed by Wilbraham Egerton, Eſq., now hangs in the hall at Tatton.

NOTE 37.

The Breeches.

This cover, once pre-eminent above all the gorſes in the county for the ſport it had ſhown, belongs to John Tollemache, Eſq.

NOTE 38.

Tarwood.

The Run which I have attempted to deſcribe took place on the 24th of December, 1845. The Heythrop Hounds were kept by Lord Redeſdale. The "Jem" mentioned in the poem is Jem Hill the Huntſman, and Jack Goddard and Charles are the Whips. "The peculiar feature of this run," ſays Mr. Whippy, "was the ſtoutneſs and intrepidity of the fox. With the exception of juſt touching one corner of Boys-Wood at Cokethorpe, he never once ſought ſhelter in a cover of any deſcription. The diſtance from point to point is from 15 to 16 miles, and I am ſure the diſtance run over muſt have been at leaſt 20 miles. Time, 1 hour and 42 minutes."

NOTE 39.

Tom Rance has got a ſingle oie.

Tom Rance came from Baron Rothſchild to whip-in to the Cheſhire in 1830, and remained, through every change of Maſter and Huntſman, for thirty-one years in that capacity, without aſpiring to the poſt of Huntſman. In the ſtation of life in which he was placed, no one ever did his duty better. I have ſeen him ride the moſt unmanageable horſes with rare nerve and temper, ſtill keeping his one eye open to detect, and his handy laſh ready to reach any riotous hound. Many a time in the courſe of a run have I been beholden to him for his active aſſiſtance under a difficulty, and there are others, I know, who would, if now alive, gratefully acknowledge his ſervices in the field. If after charging a fence you found yourſelf on the other ſide planted in a pit (a miſchance by no means unfrequent in Cheſhire), Tom Rance was always at hand to pull your horſe out, or if diſcomforted by the loſs of a ſtirrup-leather, Tom was promptly at your ſide to touch his cap and proffer you one of his own.

On retiring from ſervice in 1861, the ſum of five hundred pounds was raiſed and inveſted by the Hunt for his benefit.

NOTE 40.

Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

"This plant is only to be found in temperate climates. Provence is its boundary to the South, and it reaches neither Sweden nor Ruſſia towards the North. Linnæus lamented that he could hardly preſerve it alive in a green-houſe; and ſo rare is it in many parts of Germany, that Dillenius, their botaniſt, was in perfect ecſtaſy when he firſt viſited England, and ſaw our commons covered with the gay flowers of the furze buſh."—PHILLIP'S *Sylva Florifera.*

NOTE 41.

This ſtrange match, ſo haſtily made and ſo quickly

decided, took place on the Friday of the Tarporley Hunt week, 1854. The competitors were Thomas Langford Brooke, of Mere, Esq., and John Sidebottom, of Harewood, Esq. Davenport Bromley, Esq., was Umpire.

NOTE 42.

"*Rolls o'er the cop and hitches on the rail.*"

"Slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme."—POPE.

NOTE 43.

Newby Ferry.

The following account of this lamentable hunting accident is from the *Times* newspaper:—

The loss of life by the upsetting of a boat in which a number of gentlemen connected with the York and Ainsty Hunt were crossing the river Ure, near Ripley, on Thursday last, was fully as great as at first reported. The number of persons drowned was six. They were—Sir Charles Slingsby, of Scriven-park, near Knaresborough, the master of the hounds; Mr. E. Lloyd, of Lingcroft, near York; Mr. Edmund Robinson, of York; Mr. William Orvys, the first whipper-in; Mr. James Warriner, gardener at Newby-hall, the seat of Lady Mary Vyner; and Mr. Christopher Warriner, the son of the former. The Warriners had the charge of the boat. The hounds met on Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock, at Stainley-house, half-way between Harrogate and Ripon. There was a large field, and among the leading personages were Sir Charles Slingsby, who, as already stated, was the master of the hounds; Viscount Downe, of Danby-lodge; Lord Lascelles, of Harewood; Sir George Wombwell, of Newburgh-park; Captain Vyner, of Newby-hall; Mr. Clare Vyner, of Newby-hall; Mr. E. Lloyd, of Lingcroft, near York; Mr. E. Robinson, of York; Major Mussinden, Captain Molyneux, the Hon. Henry Molyneux, Captain Key, of Fulford; Mr. White, and several of the officers of the 15th Hussars, stationed at York; Mr. Wood,

of Bellwood; Mr. William Ingleby, of Ripley Caſtle; and Mr. Darnborough, of Ripon. William Orvys, the firſt whip, was in attendance, and, the weather being fine, anticipations prevailed of good ſport. No fox was found until the hounds reached Monkton Whin, but a good run of about an hour's duration was had towards Copgrove and Newby-hall, and near the latter the fox and the pack croſſed the river Ure. Several of the gentlemen who were in purſuit attempted to croſs the river at a ford ſome diſtance up the ſtream, but Sir Charles Slingſby and a majority of thoſe who were cloſe up made for the ferry, which is almoſt directly oppoſite Newby-hall and ſignalled for the boat to be ſent acroſs. Swollen by the late rains, and to a great extent diverted from its natural channel, the river, at this point ſome fifty or ſixty yards broad, ſwept along with a ſtrong deep current. With little or no heſitation the maſter of the hounds ſprang into the boat, to be piloted acroſs by the Newby-hall gardener and his ſon, and this example was ſo largely followed that in a very ſhort time ſome twelve or fourteen gentlemen, with their horſes, crowded into a veſſel intended to accommodate only half that number. Thoſe who entered the boat were Sir Charles Slingſby, Orvys (the whip), Sir George Wombwell, Captain Vyner, Mr. Clare Vyner, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Robinſon, Major Muſſinden, Captain Molyneux, the Hon. Henry Molyneux, Captain Key, Mr. White, and ſome more military officers from York Barracks. Viſcount Downe, Lord Laſcelles, and ſeveral others, who were either unable to find room in the boat, or had their doubts as to its ſafety, remained on the banks awaiting its return. No warning voice cautioned them when they ſtarted on what proved to ſome of them a fatal journey; indeed, their apparent luck in having gained the ſtart of the others was looked on with many envious eyes. Any ſuch feeling, was, however, of ſhort duration. Seizing the chain by which the flat-bottomed boat is propelled,

Captain Vyner and his brother puſhed it off from the river ſide, and ſent the veſſel right into the ſtream. Before one-third of the diſtance had been traverſed, Sir Charles Slingſby's horſe became reſtive, and kicked the animal belonging to Sir George Wombwell. The latter, a high-mettled cheſtnut, returned the kick, and ſomething very like a panic aroſe among the horſes. The boat was ſwayed firſt to one ſide and then to the other, and finally it was fairly turned bottom upwards. The ſcene which then enſued was of a very painful character. For a moment the ſlimy bottom of the boat, rocked to and fro by the ſtruggling of the men and horſes, was all that could be ſeen by the ſpectators on the bank; then here and there in different parts of the ſtream heads began to appear, only to ſink again amid agonized cries, and hands and arms were flung up in deſpair. Horſes were ſeen to battle with the current, ſtriking out regardleſs of the injuries they inflicted on their maſters, who were alſo ſwept by the current out of the reach of thoſe anxious to afford relief. In ſome caſes, however, the prompt meaſures taken by the ſpectators were effectual. Thoſe who could ſwim caſt off their coats and plunged to ſave their friends, while others, not ſo happily gifted, took leſs vigorous, though not leſs uſeful, ſteps. Lines formed of whips, were tied together, and thrown within reach of the drowning men, and ſeveral beams of wood which fortunately lay ſcattered about, were quickly launched on the ſtream. Captain Vyner was one of the firſt to get his head out of water, and to ſave himſelf from the current by clinging to the upturned veſſel. After a vigorous ſtruggle he reached the top of the boat, and was able to aſſiſt firſt Sir George Wombwell and afterwards one of the York officers to the ſame poſition. Mr. White got on ſhore by means of the chain ſtretched acroſs the ferry, while others were reſcued by the means adopted for their ſafety from the banks. In a very few minutes, however, it was found that ſix

men and eleven horſes had been drowned. Two horſes were reſcued. An account in a local journal ſays ſeveral gentlemen and horſes were under the boat when it floated bottom upwards. Among theſe were Sir George Wombwell and an officer from York, who was very badly kicked by the horſes. Sir Charles Slingſby was ſeen by the ſpectators on the bank to ſtrike out for the oppoſite ſhore, but when nearing it he threw up his hands, and the laſt ſeen of him was his body floating down the river with his head and legs under water. None of the others drowned were ſeen at all. Every effort was made by thoſe upon the bank to reſcue the ſufferers. Mr. William Ingilby threw off his coat and plunged into the river, and made a deſperate effort to reach Sir Charles Slingſby, but in this he unhappily failed, and with great difficulty and in a ſtate of complete exhauſtion reached the ſhore. Captain Vyner and Captain Preſton plunged into the river in the hope of rendering aſſiſtance. Mr. Bartram, of Harrogate, rendered very active aid, and ſucceeded in aſſiſting to the ſhore one of thoſe who had been thrown into the river, and had clung to the chain of the ferry. The body of Sir Charles Slingſby was diſcovered three hundred yards below the ſcene of the accident by Mr. Deniſon, of Ripon, and Mr. Wood, of the ſame city, about half-paſt four o'clock. The bodies of Captain Lloyd and Mr. Robinſon were afterwards taken out of the river, and all were conveyed to Newby-hall to await a coroner's inqueſt. Yeſterday two more of the bodies were recovered, thoſe of William Orvys and Chriſtopher Warriner, the eldeſt of that name. The only body now to be recovered is that of Chriſtopher Warriner's ſon. Mr. Robinſon's watch had ſtopped at ten minutes to two o'clock. Sir Charles Slingſby was riding one of the oldeſt and moſt favourite of his hunters, "Old Saltfiſh," which was diſcovered lying near the maſter whom it had ſerved ſo faithfully for ſome fifteen years.

We need hardly ſtate that the intelligence of this melan-

choly cataſtrophe has caſt a gloom over the whole diſtrict. Sir Charles Slingſby's amiable diſpoſition and genial manners rendered him moſt deſervedly popular throughout the whole of the Riding. The deceaſed, who was unmarried, was the tenth baronet. He was ſon of Charles Slingſby, Eſq., who was ſecond ſon of Sir Thomas Turner Slingſby, eighth baronet. He was born on the 22nd of Auguſt, 1824; ſucceeded his uncle, Sir Thomas, in February, 1835; entered the Royal Horſe Guards 1843, became Lieutenant 1845, and retired 1847. He was a deputy lieutenant and a magiſtrate for the Weſt Riding of Yorkſhire. His ſiſter, Emma Louiſa Catherine, who is ſtill living, married in 1860 Captain Leſlie, of the Royal Horſe Guards. Mr. Robinſon, who had the reputation of being one of the beſt riders in the county of York, lived at one time at Thorpegreen-hall, near Ouſeburn, which he ſold not long ago to Mr. H. S. Thompſon, of Kirby-hall, whoſe eſtate it adjoins. Orvys had long been connected with the York and Ainſty hounds, and was one of the moſt experienced whips in Yorkſhire. Both the Warriners were married. The elder leaves nine children, and the younger a wife and three children.

In conſequence of this lamentable occurrence the meets of the York and Ainſty hounds have been ſuſpended, and that of the Bramham Moor hounds, appointed for yeſterday (Friday) did not take place.

Among the gentlemen who were ſaved after the boat had been upſet were Major Muſſinden, Captain Molyneux, the Hon. Henry Molyneux, Mr. White, of the 15th Huſſars, ſtationed at York; and Captain Key, of Fulford, near York.

The Field, Feb. 13, 1869.

The fearful Accident with the York and Ainſty.

FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was a beautiful morning on Thurſday, February 4, when the York and Ainſty met at Stainley Houſe. We chopped the firſt fox in Cayton Gill, but found again in Monckton Whin at 12.40. There was a ſplendid ſcent, but the fox twiſted about a good deal, and, though the pace was tremendous, yet, after an hour's running, the fox croſſed the river at Newby, juſt in front of the hounds, and only about two miles and a half from where he was found.

The river was very high from the floods, and a very ſtrong ſtream was running, in conſequence of which the fox was carried over Newby Weir, and the whole of the hounds alſo; but they all got out ſafely, and took up the ſcent immediately on the oppoſite ſide. There is a ford juſt below, with poſts marked with different diſtances up to the height of five feet, ſo as to ſhow where the river is fordable; but on that day the river was ſo high that not even the poſts were viſible. We were all, therefore, obliged to make for the ferry.

The ferry boat was overloaded, and no ſooner did it get into the ſtream than the water began to ruſh in over the ſides. Sir Charles Slingſby's horſe, Old Saltfiſh (whom he bought the firſt year he took the hounds, fifteen years ago), finding there was ſomething wrong, jumped into the water. Sir Charles held on to the reins, to induce him to ſwim alongſide, but, not calculating ſufficiently the force of the ſtream and the weight of the horſe, he was overbalanced and fell in. (I have ſeen ſeveral papers ſtate that there was then a ruſh made to one ſide; but the horſes were ſo cloſely

packed on board, like bullocks in a bullock truck, that they could not have moved from any cauſe.) The boat then ſwayed once or twice, and finally turned completely over, for ſeveral ſeconds leaving nothing to the view but the bottom of the boat. It ſeemed impoſſible that any ſhould be ſaved, but by degrees heads began to appear; and Mr. Clare Vyner, having ſcrambled on to the upturned boat, gallantly aſſiſted all he could reach to gain the ſame haven. The boat, being ſtill held by the chain, acted as a break-water, and therefore all thoſe who came up near the boat had no ſtream to contend againſt. Unfortunately, Sir Charles Slingſby was ſome way down the ſtream, in the full force of the current. He ſtruggled gamely to reach the boat, but it was hopeleſs. If he had only turned and ſwum with the ſtream, in all human probability he would have been ſaved; for when he was finally exhauſted he ſank (ſtill ſtruggling to reach the boat) cloſe to the north ſhore, whither he had been carried by the ſtream, but where, unfortunately, there was no one to help. Old Saltfiſh followed his maſter like a dog to the very end, and at laſt ſwam paſt him, unfortunately with the near ſide next to Sir Charles, who with his laſt effort tried to graſp the horſe's neck; but the mane being on the oppoſite ſide, he only ſucceeded in catching the bridle. Both immediately ſank—Sir Charles never to be ſeen again alive, but the old horſe roſe again to the ſurface, and then ſwam aſhore.

Mr. Robinſon—who was always extremely nervous in croſſing ferries, as he was unable to ſwim, and always entertained a horror of being drowned—according to his uſual cuſtom, never got off his horſe on entering the boat, and when it upſet he rode ſeveral yards down ſtream, ſtill ſitting on his horſe. He looked calmly round, as if to chooſe the beſt landing place, when his horſe ſuddenly ſank, either from being exhauſted before he came to the top, or from the reins being touched to guide him aſhore. After two fearful ſhrieks, Mr. Robinſon went down.

Captain Key, being the laſt on board, ſucceeded in jumping clear of the boat as it turned over, and fortunately, being carried againſt the chain, was able, by making uſe of it, to reach the ſhore in ſafety. Sir George Wombwell, who may conſider this as the moſt fortunate of his many narrow eſcapes from death, came to the ſurface on the upſtream ſide of the boat, againſt which he was carried, and was promptly reſcued by Mr. Clare Vyner, though he himſelf was too far gone to make the ſlighteſt effort to ſave himſelf, and was even unaware by what means he was ſaved.

In the meantime thoſe on ſhore had promptly done all in their power. Whips were knotted together; but, as the river was at leaſt eighty yards from bank to bank, and thoſe in the water were more than half-way acroſs, every endeavour to caſt them within reach failed. Every pole that could be found was thrown, but to no purpoſe. Four ſtrong ſwimmers tried their beſt in vain. One, Mr. Preſton, of Moreby, had not waited to take off his boots, and it was with difficulty he was reſcued by thoſe on ſhore. Mr. Ingilby, of Ripley Caſtle, and Captain Vyner, of Linton Spring, ſucceeded in reaching Mr. Lloyd, who was doing his beſt to gain the ſouth ſhore. They had brought him almoſt in reach of thoſe on the bank, when he ſuddenly ſank; and they, exhauſted by the long run, the extreme coldneſs of the water, and the force of the current, were unable to make another effort to recover him. They were obliged to receive aſſiſtance from the ſhore to ſave themſelves.

Mr. Richard Thompſon, of Kirby, ſwam off to the help of Sir Charles; but the latter being carried further away from him by the current, Mr. Thompſon was obliged to give up all hope of reaching him, and was himſelf helped out by getting hold of two whips tied together, one end being thrown to him from the bank. As ſoon as he was a little recovered he ran down the bank and ſwam acroſs a canal to an iſland, where the river makes a bend, in hopes that the body of Orvis, the huntſman, which was being

carried down by the current, might be waſhed within reach. Unfortunately, Orvis was carried to the other ſhore, and the weir being only fifty yards below, he could make no further effort. The two gardeners were never ſeen alive after the boat was upſet.

Thus Yorkſhire has loſt by this unprecedented cataſtrophe Sir Charles Slingſby, perhaps the beſt gentleman huntſman that has ever lived—one whoſe genial manners and kind diſpoſition endeared him to all who had the good fortune to come in contact with him; Mr. Robinſon, who was not only the fineſt horſeman and beſt rider to hounds I have ever known, but the leaſt jealous perſon that ever followed hounds over a country; Mr. Lloyd, the beſt man of his weight (he rode fully 16ſt.) that ever croſſed this deep plough—one whom no fence was too ſtrong for; and, laſtly, poor old Orvis, the cheerieſt of huntſmen and the moſt civil of ſervants. Four better-known men, and whoſe loſs would be more deeply mourned for, could not be found anywhere. *Requieſcant in pace.* The days of the York are numbered for the preſent—never, I am afraid, again to equal the laſt few years.

NOTE 44.

The Swell from the Leamington Spa.

Henry Williams, Eſq., commonly known as "Swell Williams." His father, General Williams, lived at Leamington.

NOTE 45.

A ſketch of this ſeat was made for the Author in the year 1833, and the original then exiſted in the garden of General Moore, at Hampton Court.

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